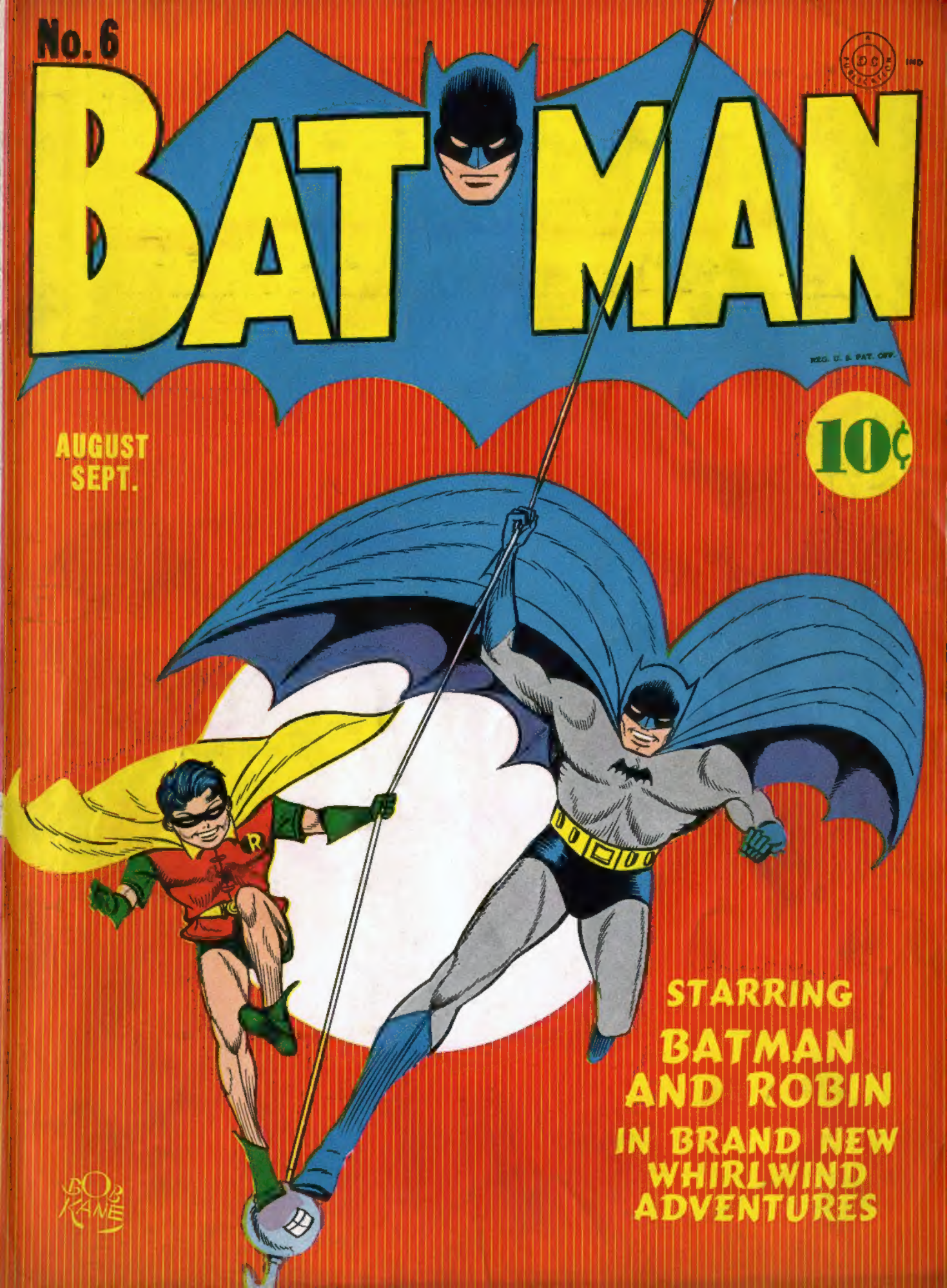

No. 6
BAT MAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AUGUST
SEPT.
10¢
STARRING
BATMAN
AND ROBIN
IN BRAND NEW
WHIRLWIND
ADVENTURES
BOB KANE

Blank Cartridge Pistol

REVOLVER STYLE — 50c — NOT PREPAID

Fine For Protection

Well made and inexpensive. Patterned after latest type of Revolver. Accurate — sure — safe — alone may save a burglar. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Loud explosion against criminal — does. Have it laying around without danger of accidental discharge. Fine for 4th of July. New 8 shot BLANK CARTRIDGES. Shipped by Express, not Prepaid. BLANK CARTRIDGES — 50c

9000 NOVELTIES!

628 pages — 5000 illustrations

NOVELTIES of Another Sort Have Never Been Seen Before! MASSIVE VOLUME Only 3¢

New Larger 1942 Edition! Rush 3c!

Nothing else quite like it. More interesting than a world's fair! Over 628 pages packed full of pictures, descriptions of odd items from all parts of the world—amusing, entertaining and useful articles some of which you never knew existed—hundreds and hundreds of things you've wanted but never knew where to find. Amazing NEW catalog. Latest radio and hobby kits, novelty toys, puzzles, science, fortune tellers, guns and rifles, sporting goods, books, seeds, etc., etc. In thousands of homes it is the latest novelties among smart-minded stewsters.

To show your catalog when it arrives. Pick out a half dozen fun makers and send it to your party. "BINGO" shooters placed under briefcases, plates, etc., explode violently but harmlessly. Auto Backfire. Electric Shocker. Sneezing Powder. Etc. Etc.

THIS GIVES SOME IDEA WHAT THE BOOK CONTAINS

ELECTRICS — BUBBLE GUM — CARD GAMES
MAGIC — TYPEWRITERS — INDIAN NOVELTIES
LIVE ANIMALS — PUZZLES — NOVELTY CLOCKS
TRICK NOVELTIES — BANKS & VALUTS — BOOKS & PAPERS
MONEY MAKERS — SPORTING GOODS — CLOTHING
MAGIC MASTERS — NOVELTY CLOCKS — EXPLODING JOKERS
PUZZLES — FIELD GLASSES — HUNTING KNIVES — TOILET GOODS & PERFUMES

DE LUXE EDITION 15c — beautiful cloth, permanent binding. De Luxe Edition for 15 cents.

Send 3c (15c for De Luxe cloth bound edition) for new catalog. Actually only 1-10th of cost! 628 page mammoth catalog—rotogravure section—8 color cover—9,000 amazing novelties—5,000 illustrations! Send 6c in any convenient form—unused U.S. stamps accepted.

JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, DEPT. 102D DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Contents

PUZZLES — KITS — MAGIC — WIGS — TURTLES — PIPES — JEWELRY — LOCKS — WATCHES — BOATS — BOOKS — STAMPS — SEX BOOKS — FIREWORKS — CHEMICALS — ALLIGATORS — AIR RIFLES — BOXING GLOVES — SLIDE RULES — MICROSCOPES — CHAMELEONS — CURIOUS SEEDS — INSECTS — SKELETON KEYS — MAKE UP — NOVELTY JEWELRY — CIGARETTE HOLDERS — GAMES OF CHANCE — ELECTRIC NOVELTIES — ELECTRIC PLAYERS — BEATEN BISCUITS — FISHING SUPPLIES — RADIO & SUPPLIES — LIVE PET VILLAGES — PROJECTORS & FILM

RUSH 3¢ WITH THIS COUPON
Gigantic Catalog Of Unusual Novelties

Johnson Smith & Co.
Dept. 102-D Detroit, Mich.
Here's 3¢. Rush Catalog
DeLuxe Bound Cat. 15c

Name
Address

PEA-MATIC REPEATER-12 SHOT

HARMLESS ACCURATE — Shoots 15 Peas

Here it is, boys! It shoots 12 peas in rapid accuracy mess without reloading. Just load the gun with peas, pull the trigger and keep firing until the barrel is empty. Then reload and fire again. It is perfectly harmless and safe. They sell like hot cakes, so get one now. Tho timesaver than the old fashioned bean blower. Complete with target. ONLY 29c

29 Cents

Peas for Peamatic, 10c — Price Per Package

Hands Up!

Pistol Cigarette Case 25c

It looks like a deadly weapon, but it is merely a novel Cigarette Case. Better by far than the old fashioned variety. Great fun "sticking up" your friends. Squirts and pistol. Pull the trigger and the slide flies open, disclosing cigarettes. Price ..25c

DIVING SUBMARINE

ONLY $1.19

DIVES OR RISES ON AND UNDER WATER
Adjustable Diving Fins
ICE BREAKER
RUDDER
ADJUSTABLE BALLAST CHAMBER
Driving Motor
Natural Sea Colors

REALISTIC GUN, CONNING TOWER & PERISCOPE. GRAY COLOR WITH TRIMMINGS. 10 1-2 INCHES LONG.

A real beauty. Looks and operates like an accurate model of real submarine. Smart polished gray finish with white top deck and colored trimmings. Small details, such as portholes, machine gun, full rear metal Americana flag at rear, propeller, rudder, ice breaker at front. Strong 3 bladed propeller operated by powerful driving motor. Ballast chamber for raising and submerging. Just the thing for TIME ALONG ON TOP or WATER. WILL DIVE OR RAISE ITSELF and TRAVEL UNDER WATER BY ITS OWN POWERFUL MOTOR. Metal construction, sturdily built, over 10½ in. long. You'll find it plenty of fun to operate. STRONGLY MADE. ALL METAL DIVING SUBMARINE. PRICE POSTPAID ONLY $1.19

MIDGET RACER

Complete diagrams for 3 different racers. The one illustrated can be built very cheaply. All about gears, transmission, dirt track racing, etc. Many illustrations, diagrams, plans. Also how to build a boat, airplane, etc. FUN TO BUILD. Examined & Approved full of interesting information. 75 Illustrations. PRICE 25c

25c

Never Miss FISH HOOKS

Catch Fish! — 15c

A nibble and you're on, and hooks can't be fish shy. And they seldom get away. Illustration shows how the fish bites, the second hook strikes the fish outside the head. The harder he pulls the tighter the hooks. Simple, strong and durable. 15c (3 for 40c) EACH POSTPAID ONLY

BROADCAST your voice on TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—insert wise cracks, jests and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars present programs, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a Bing Crosby, Charlie McCarthy, Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, etc.

World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Only 25c

DeLUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Practise radio announcing, broadcasting, programs, etc., entertain your own radio broadcasters with it. Records your voice without little or no distortion. Regular table model can be held in hand. Complete with cord. Price Postpaid $1.00

Beautiful Curled Wigs 35c

BLONDE BOB — BLONDE CURLS

Change your appearance. Wear one and look natural. Short bob or curls. State choice. Each 35c

JU-JITSU

BULLIES BEWARE! PROTECT YOURSELF!

The Japanese art of self-defense. Secrets of attack and defense are given. Illustrated so that you can easily learn them. Deals fully with trips, throws, falls, holds and blows. Also defense against revolvers, knives, arrested grasps, holds, headlock, holding a man down, suitable for throw, attack, defense against knife, how hand throat grip, defense against two assailants, stomach throw, correct thumb knockout, nerve pinches, and numerous other holds. Learn to protect yourself under all circumstances with no club's equipment. Learn from this book in the privacy of your own home. Price 30c

30c

One Passenger Airplane

A real Price Holder. Complete plans. Built from old parts. 25c

How to Wrestle, Price 25c
How to Box. Price Only 15c

Hard Hitting, Penetrating, True-Flight Arrows!

Fencing & Archery Sets

SWORD FIGHT!

Have Fun Dueling!

Learn to fence! Fight with swords! Duels! Women as well as men should learn. Teachers and art of self defense, same as in boxing. Set consists of 2 swords, 2 masks, 2 pads (to wear on chest). Pads (towards) 3 ft. in length, with an imported leather guard and protection on how to fence. Teaches you to thrust, parry, attack, defend yourself with this sport—be the champ swordsman! Foils are of finest steel and rubber tipped. Set of 2 Foils and instructions $1.19

Hunting And Target Practice

Two sets of archery sets for target shooting, practice, hunting, etc. Consists of 3 arrows and bow. There is no limit to the fun a bow outdoor sport.

Amateur Set. Hickory bow with velour grip, 4 nickel bullet tip arrows, target, tacks. Price $1.50

Professional Set. 42-in. quality lemonwood bow, strung with pure gum rubber. 24 nickel bullet tip arrows, target, tacks, shooting pad, armguard, 10x10-in. target face, instructions $2.59

POCKET RADIO

This amazing midget pocket radio brings in programs with the same fine rules of broadcasting stations under favorable conditions with crystal, earphone, etc. ANYWHERE and EVERYWHERE. Just connect aerial and ground wire, attach phone and tune in. No batteries, no grate. No static or noise. No batteries, to failure, crystal set. Has accurate tuning dial. PRICE POSTPAID ONLY 69c

CRYSTAL RADIO 25c

This is a radio in itself as it is possible to get reception with it alone within 25 miles of a station or up to 100 miles with an amplifier. All you do is connect it to an aerial and ground wire, attach phone and tune in. No batteries, no grate. No static or noise. No batteries, to failure, crystal set. Has accurate tuning dial.

with supersensitive crystal detector, crystal rod, arm with cat's whisker, etc. Reception guaranteed. Price 25c

Single Sensitive Earphone, Price Only 89c

COMPLETE 628 PAGE CATALOG OF 9,000 Novelties sent for 3c. Include with your order.

ELECTRIC MOTOR 15c

Real Electric Motor! All the parts required in a real box with full instructions for assembling. No trouble at all putting it together. Only a few minutes. And it works! Doesn't burn on a No. 6 or similar dry battery. Complete (except motor) as illustrated and wired 15c

BOY ELECTRICIAN

Tells how to make better batteries, dynamos, telegraph apparatus, telephones, electric bells, electric motors, call systems, electric vehicles, 64 pages, 100 illustrations. Price 10c

JACKASS CIGARET DISPENSER

Rear of the head and out comes a cigaret—under the tail! Great laugh producer and practical cigaret dispenser. Holds 10 cigarets. Finished wood, movable head and tail. Old Hill Billy Mule gets up on his hind legs when taken out of corn liker. Colorfully designed. Great for den or office. Makes an ideal bridge prize or a novelty gift. Price POSTPAID ONLY 69c

BIG ENTERTAINER

336 Jokes & Riddles, 25 Tricks, 19 Puzzles, 13 Toasts, 13 Parlor Games, 21 Funny Readings, 10 Parlor Pastimes, 12 Recitations, 1000 Parlor and Table Games, 12 Parlor Stunts, 27 Amusing Experiments, Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Shadowgraphy, Mind Reader, Fortunes with Cards, Crystal, Tea Cup, Bill of Fare, Dominoes, Authorship, Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, Backgammon, Authorship, Etc. Etc. Etc. Crystal Gazing, etc. One Big Volume 15c

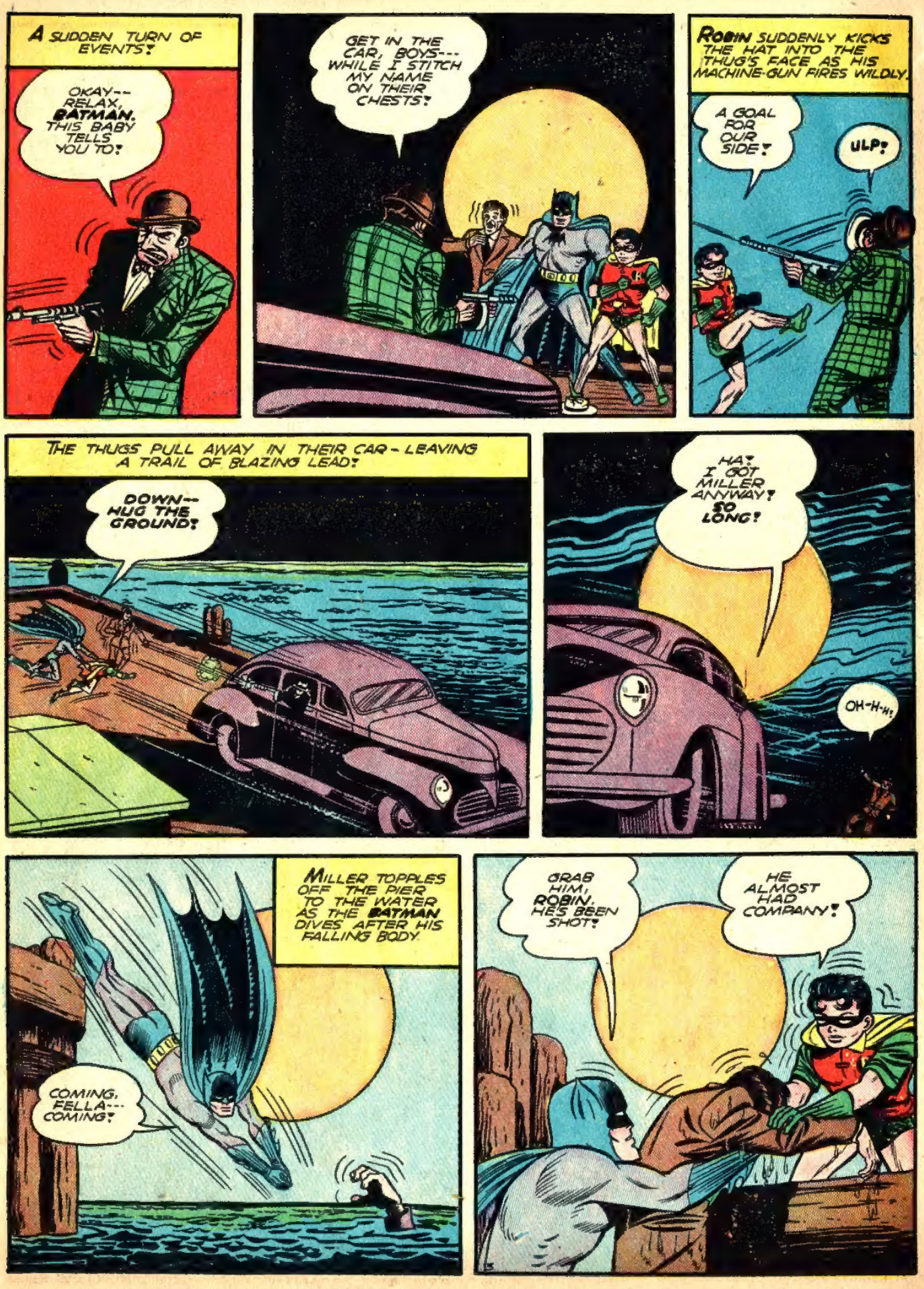
Electric Baseball Game

Pitcher (2 x 3 in.) Batter (2 x 3 in.) Ball, Pinboard, Bat, Runner (2 x 3 in.) Swivel (2 x 3 in.) Base (2 x 3 in.) Home Plate (2 x 3 in.) Spring and rubber bands. Instructions and rules for playing Baseball Game. Price 25c

etc. Batter hits Grounders, Fouls, Double, Triple, Home Run, Pop Fly, Foul Fly, Pitcher Pitched Ball, Batter Struck Out, Batter Hit Home Run, Batter Hit Foul Fly, Batter Hit Grounder, Batter Hit Foul Ball, Batter Struck Out, Batter Hit Foul Ball, Batter Struck Out, Batter Hit Foul Ball, Batter Struck Out

BAT MAN
WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
BY BOB KANE
WHEN A MASTER OF EVIL TRIES TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE LAW, TWO RASH MORTALS DARE TO VENTURE INTO CRIME'S DOMAIN TO SEEK OUT ITS HIDDEN CHIEF --- TWO BRAVE HUMANS, TWIN FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE---THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER. FOLLOW THEM NOW AS A TRAIL OF VENGEANCE LEADS THEM INTO A LAIR OF CRIME AS THEY DRAW ASIDE THE VEIL THAT HIDES THE REAL TRUTH OF--
"MURDER ON PAROLE."
NIGHT FALLS---A BLANKET OF DARKNESS AND MYSTERY. HIGH OVER THE GLOOMY WATERFRONT, TWO COSTUMED FIGURES STAND POISED AND VIEW A GRIM SCENE---
OKAY, SHOULDERS--- IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!
YOU MUST BE AWFUL ANXIOUS TO DIE, MILLER-- SO I WON'T DISAPPOINT YA--HERE IT COMES!

1 SUDDENLY, THE TWO GRIM FIGURES, UP ON HIGH, LEAP!
C'MON, ROBIN-- THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR FIGHT, TOO!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
2
GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS AND SUCH!
HELLO!
3 THE BATMAN'S FIST SNAKES OUT---
WHENEVER I SEE A FACE LIKE YOURS, MY KNUCKLES JUST ITCH TO GET TO WORK ON IT!
4
I NEVER DISAPPOINT MY KNUCKLES EITHER!
5
WHEW!
NOW— NOW. IS THAT NICE? SHOOTING PEOPLE IN THE BACK!
6
NEXT TIME I'LL DRIVE YOUR HEAD DOWN SO FAR YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CHEW ON YOUR SHOES!

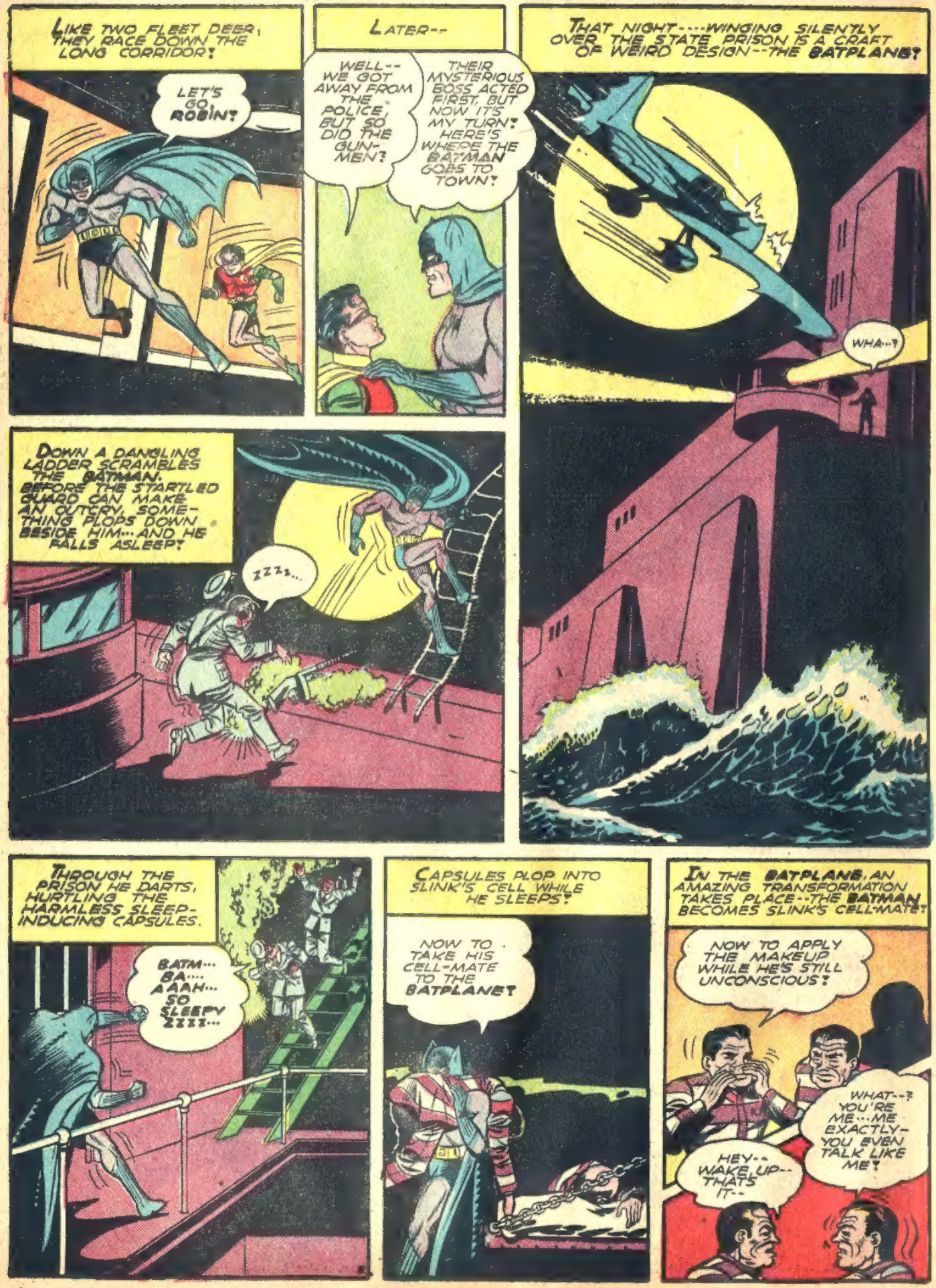

A SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS!
OKAY-- RELAX, BATMAN. THIS BABY TELLS YOU TO!
GET IN THE CAR, BOYS--- WHILE I STITCH MY NAME ON THEIR CHESTS!
ROBIN SUDDENLY KICKS THE HAT INTO THE THUG'S FACE AS HIS MACHINE-GUN FIRES WILDLY.
A GOAL FOR OUR SIDE!
ULP!
THE THUGS PULL AWAY IN THEIR CAR - LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLAZING LEAD!
DOWN-- HUG THE GROUND!
HA! I GOT MILLER ANYWAY! SO LONG!
OH-H-H!
MILLER TOPPLES OFF THE PIER TO THE WATER AS THE BATMAN DIVES AFTER HIS FALLING BODY
COMING, FELLA--- COMING!
GRAB HIM, ROBIN, HE'S BEEN SHOT!
HE ALMOST HAD COMPANY!

BATMAN--GOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING--SOMETHING BIO---
HERE---TAKE IT EASY. YOU CAN TELL ME LATER ON, AFTER A LITTLE MEDICAL TREATMENT.
NO---NO---GOT TO TELL YOU NOW---BEFORE I PASS OUT---
MILLER'S STORY--
"MY NAME IS CHICK MILLER. I WAS A CONVICT IN THE STATE PRISON, SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS. I WAS SERVING MY THIRD YEAR WHEN IT GOT ME---"
STIR CRAZY! I'LL GO STIR CRAZY IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE SOON! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT, CHICK--I CAN ARRANGE IT--A PAROLE!
PAROLE--YOU---HOW?
WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELF OUT, SLINK---WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDIN'?
LISSEN----I GET GOOD DOUGH FROM THE BIG SHOT FOR GETTIN' GUYS LIKE YOU OUT----WHEN I GET MY PILE, I'M GETTING OUT, TOO! NOW YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME--
"SURE ENOUGH, A FEW DAYS LATER, I WAS CALLED BEFORE THE PAROLE BOARD---"
ARRUMPH---MR. MILLER, YOU HAVE BEEN THOUGHT OF AS ELIGIBLE FOR PAROLE!
PAROLE MIGHT BE ARRANGED, IF WE FEEL YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT.
MY--YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A CRIMINAL!
"AFTER DISCUSSING MY CASE WITH ME, THEY MADE ME GO OUTSIDE WHILE THEY TALKED---AND WHEN THEY CALLED ME BACK AGAIN---!"
ARRUMPH--MR. MILLER WE HAVE DECIDED IN YOUR FAVOR FOR PAROLE!
PAROLE--I---I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU---I---
TUT-TUT, MY BOY. WE FEEL YOU DESERVE IT!
"WHEN I WAS READY TO LEAVE THE PRISON, I WENT BACK TO THANK MY CELL-MATE, SLINK DANIELS. HE SAID SOMETHING. I DION'T KNOW WHAT HE MEANT THEN, BUT FOUND OUT SOON ENOUGH!"
I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD MAKE IT UP TO YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID!
DON'T WORRY. YOU WILL--YOU WILL!

"THE BIG DAY FINALLY CAME--THE PRISON GATE CLANGED BEHIND ME. IT WAS SPRING--- THE AIR WAS CLEAN AND FRESH. BIRDS WERE AROUND. THEY WERE LIKE ME -- FREE!"
NO MORE PRISON FOR ME! FROM NOW ON I'M GOING STRAIGHT! ANYBODY WHO THINKS A LIFE OF CRIME PAYS, IS A SUCKER!
"THEN TWO MEN APPROACHED ME--"
HELLO, MILLER!
WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE FRIENDS OF SLINK DANIELS. HE TOLD US ABOUT YOU. WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE O' YOU-- GET YOU A JOB!
"A JOB SOUNDED SWELL TO ME! THEY TOOK ME TO A SWANKY HOTEL TO SEE THEIR BOSS. YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER WHEN I SAW WHO IT WAS--
YOU.... FROM THE PAROLE BOARD!
HELLO, MILLER!
YOU HAVE A JOB FOR ME, SIR?
YES--I HAVE. I WANT YOU TO HELP SOME OF MY BOYS CRACK THE NATIONAL BANK!
"FOR A MINUTE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS, BUT THE BOSS KEPT ON TALKING AND I LEARNED THE TRUTH!"
SURE--I MANAGED TO GET YOU PAROLED JUST LIKE MY OTHER BOYS---SO YOU COULD WORK FOR ME! THAT'S HOW YOU PAY FOR YOUR PAROLE. STAY WITH ME AND YOU'LL MAKE BIG MONEY! HOW ABOUT IT?
NOT ME! I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME. I'M GOING STRAIGHT. I'M NOT GOING BACK TO JAIL AGAIN!
MMM! BY THE WAY-- EVER SEE THIS BEFORE? HERE--- LOOK AT IT!
5
"I HELD THE CASE AND EXAMINED IT---"
NO... I NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE!
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S PART OF A HOLDUP JOB THAT WAS JUST PULLED ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO!
WH-AT!
I'VE GOT YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON THIS CASE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SHOW THIS TO THE POLICE AND THEY'D HAVE YOU BACK IN JAIL SO FAST, IT WOULD MAKE YOUR HEAD SWIM!

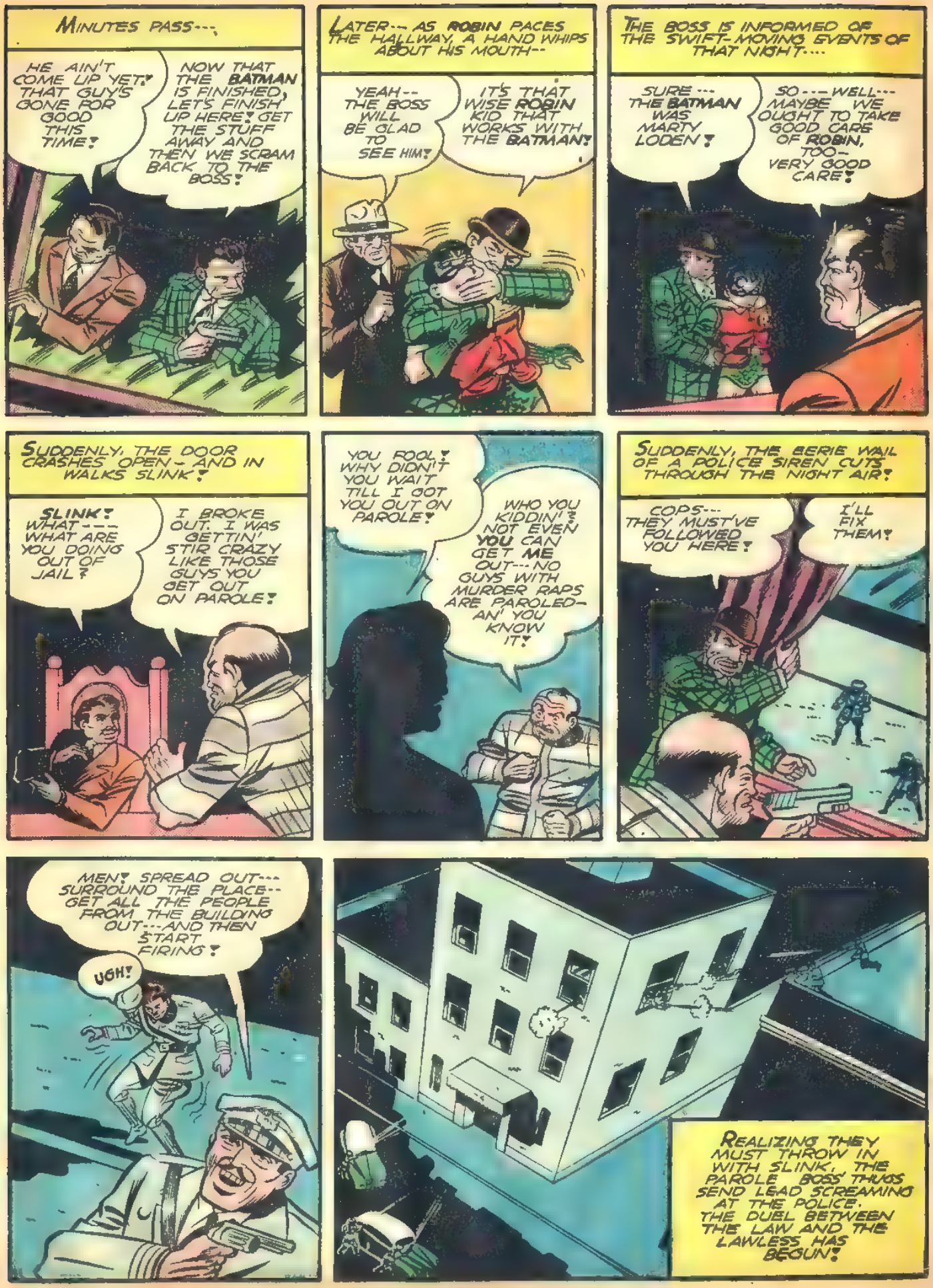
OKAY---SEND ME BACK. SEND ME BACK AND I'LL TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE — AND WHAT YOU REALLY ARE— I'LL---
YOU'VE TALKED QUITE ENOUGH. SHOULDERS, TAKE HIM TO THE CAR AND SHOW HIM THE SIGHTS--MAYBE THE WATERFRONT!
GOTCHA, BOSS!
THEY BROUGHT ME HERE. YOU---YOU KNOW-- THE REST--
QUICK--- TELL ME! WHO IS THE BOSS?
....AND TRUE TO FORM, TOO. IN THE MOVIES AND IN MYSTERY STORIES, THE MAN ALWAYS DIES OR PASSES OUT JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO REVEAL THE MASTER CRIMINAL'S NAME! WELL--- BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!
HE'S FAINTED.
HE-- HE-- OOH--
AND SO THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE APARTMENT OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY FAVORITE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.....
3¢ GOTHAM NEWS
WOUNDED PAROLE CRIMINAL BROUGHT TO HOSPITAL BY BATMAN
PAROLEE, IDENTIFIED AS "CHICK" MILLER, IS STILL---
YOU KNOW, DICK--- I THINK THOSE MEN WHO SHOT MILLER WILL TRY AGAIN TO GET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL BEFORE HE RECOVERS AND TALKS.
HMM! I GUESS THEY WOULD!
AND BRUCE WAYNE'S WORDS ARE PROPHETIC... FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT----
BUT BOSS-- THERE'LL BE A MILLION COPS WATCHIN' THE HOSPITAL!
I'VE A PLAN OF THE BUILDING, SO DON'T WORRY! YOU GET MILLER— GET MILLER BEFORE HE TALKS!
THAT VERY NIGHT---- THE HOSPITAL WINDOW SLIDES OPEN--
OKAY, GUYS--THIS IS MILLER'S ROOM!
BUT AS THE DOOR PUSHES IN---SOMETHING FLIES OUT--- THE BATMAN'S FIST!

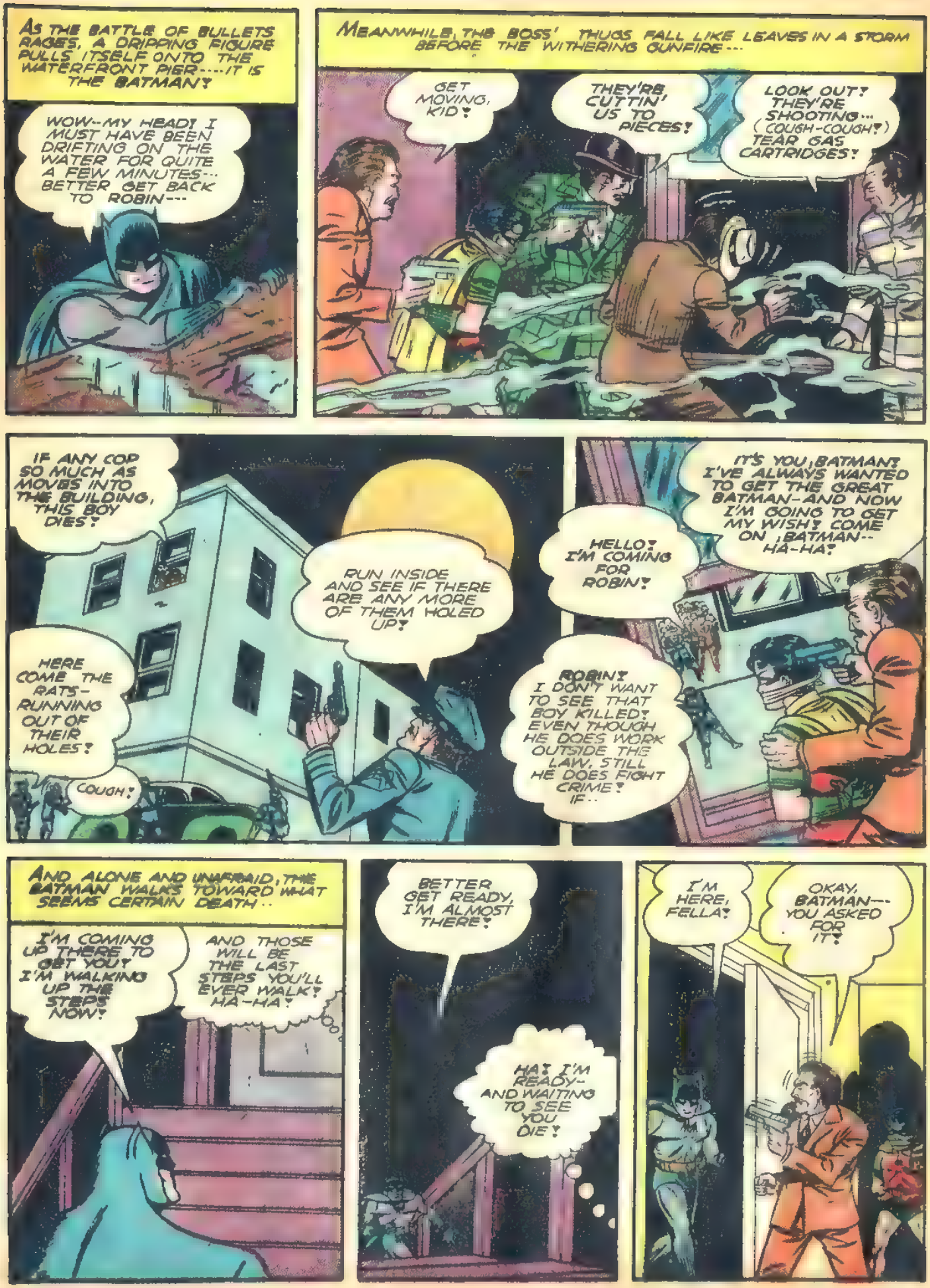
AN AVALANCHE OF FIST DESCENDS UPON THE THUGS!
THE BATMAN!
IN PERSON!
AS THE THUGS SUDDENLY SURGE TOWARD THEIR DREADED NEMESIS, AN OPERATING TABLE BEARS DOWN ON THEM----AND ABOARD IT IS--
ROBIN-- IT'S THAT ROBIN KID!
THOUGHT I'D BRING THE TABLE! YOU'LL NEED IT AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
BULLS-EYE!
REINFORCEMENTS RUSH THE TWIN BATTLERS!
GET THEM!
SLUG 'EM!
DRAWN BY SHOUTS AND SHOTS, POLICE SWARM TOWARD THE MAKESHIFT BATTLE FIELD!
HALT, OR WE'LL FIRE!
COPPERS! LET'S ALL LAM OUTA HERE! DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE!
AS THE POLICE GIVE FUTILE CHASE TO THE FLEEING THUGS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIGHT SPOT!
HOLY CATS! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! THE POLICE AREN'T AS YET EXACTLY TOO FOND OF MY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY IN FIGHTING CRIME!
SORRY-- BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!


LIKE TWO FLEET DEER, THEY RACE DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR!
LET'S GO, ROBIN!
LATER--
WELL-- WE GOT AWAY FROM THE POLICE, BUT SO DID THE GUN-MEN!
THEIR MYSTERIOUS BOSS ACTED FIRST, BUT NOW IT'S MY TURN! HERE'S WHERE THE BATMAN GOES TO TOWN!
THAT NIGHT---WINGING SILENTLY OVER THE STATE PRISON IS A CRAFT OF WEIRD DESIGN--THE BATPLANE!
WHA--?
DOWN A DANGLING LADDER SCRAMBLES THE BATMAN. BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARD CAN MAKE AN OUTCRY, SOMETHING PLOPS DOWN BESIDE HIM--AND HE FALLS ASLEEP!
ZZZz...
THROUGH THE PRISON HE DARTS, HURTLING THE HARMLESS SLEEP-INDUCING CAPSULES.
BATM... BA... AAAH... SO SLEEPY ZZZZ...
CAPSULES PLOP INTO SLINK'S CELL WHILE HE SLEEPS!
NOW TO TAKE HIS CELL-MATE TO THE BATPLANE!
IN THE BATPLANE, AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE--THE BATMAN BECOMES SLINK'S CELL-MATE!
NOW TO APPLY THE MAKEUP WHILE HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
WHAT--? YOU'RE ME--ME EXACTLY-- YOU EVEN TALK LIKE ME!
HEY-- WAKE UP-- THAT'S IT--

IT IS THE BATMAN WHO BECOMES SLINK'S CELLMATE AND BEGINS HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION--
THIS CELL IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS! I'M GONNA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
I GOT A BETTER WAY TO SPRING YOU, MARTY! HOW ABOUT A PAROLE?
AND SO IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THE BATMAN IS FREED BY THE PAROLE BOARD!
ARRUMPH-- MARTY LODEN, WE HAVE DECIDED IN YOUR FAVOR!
YOU ARE A FREE MAN!
WHICH ... WHICH ONE OF THESE MEN IS THE "BOSS?"
AND THE BOYS MEET "MARTY LODEN" AND TAKE HIM TO THE "BOSS"....
HIM!
SURE... SURE ... YOU GOT ME OUT. SURE I'LL WORK WITH YOUR MOB!
YOU'RE A SENSIBLE FELLOW, MARTY. YOU CAN START TO WORK!
THE BOSS!
I'M SENDING THE BOYS OUT TO ROB A WAREHOUSE OF SILKS TONIGHT! YOU CAN GO ALONG!
THAT NIGHT, ROBIN TAKES HIS STAND BY THE BOSS'S ROOM....
THE BATMAN TOLD ME TO BE SURE THE BOSS DOESN'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT GETTING AWAY... GOT TO BE CAREFUL-- KEEP MY EYES OPEN-
AND ON THE WATERFRONT, CLOAKED IN THE INK OF MIDNIGHT, THIEVES LOOT A WAREHOUSE-
RE HOUSE
HEY, MARTY-- WATCHA DOIN'? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITCH YA?
NOTHING--
MOVING VAN
MARTY, THE GANGSTER, THE MAKEUP FROM HIS FACE, RIPS OFF HIS CLOTHING AND STANDING IS HIS PLACE IS---
THE BATMAN! UGH!

AT YOUR SERVICE!
THE BATMAN RUSHES INTO THE WARE-HOUSE-- A TREMENDOUS LEAP....
THE SCENE SEEMS PERFECTLY SET FOR THIS PARTICULAR BIT OF ACTION!
THE CAPED FIGURE SWINGS OUT-
PERFECT STRIKE!
A NIAGARA OF SILK ENGULFS THE THIEVES!
MMMPH!
AS THE BATMAN DROPS FROM THE POPE, OTHER POWERFUL FIGURES LUNGE AT HIM--
WHERE DID THESE BABIES COME FROM? I'VE TAKEN ON MORE OF A JOB THAN I BARGAINED FOR!
THE BATMAN FIGHTS LIKE A CORNERED TIGER AS OTHERS JOIN THE MELEE!
GET HIM! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
EVEN THE BATMAN CANNOT STAND AGAINST THESE OVERWHELMING ODDS- A SUDDEN BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN REELING---CRASHING THROUGH GLASS--


MINUTES PASS---
HE AIN'T COME UP YET! THAT GUY'S GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
NOW THAT THE BATMAN IS FINISHED, LET'S FINISH UP HERE! GET THE STUFF AWAY AND THEN WE SCRAM BACK TO THE BOSS!
LATER--- AS ROBIN PACES THE HALLWAY, A HAND WHIPS ABOUT HIS MOUTH---
YEAH--- THE BOSS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!
IT'S THAT WISE ROBIN KID THAT WORKS WITH THE BATMAN!
THE BOSS IS INFORMED OF THE SWIFT-MOVING EVENTS OF THAT NIGHT....
SURE--- THE BATMAN WAS MARTY LODEN!
SO--- WELL--- MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF ROBIN, TOO--- VERY GOOD CARE!
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN - AND IN WALKS SLINK!
SLINK! WHAT--- WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF JAIL?
I BROKE OUT. I WAS GETTIN' STIR CRAZY LIKE THOSE GUYS YOU GET OUT ON PAROLE!
YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TILL I GOT YOU OUT ON PAROLE!
WHO YOU KIDDIN'? NOT EVEN YOU CAN GET ME OUT--- NO GUYS WITH MURDER RAPS ARE PAROLED- AN' YOU KNOW IT!
SUDDENLY, THE EERIE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!
COPS--- THEY MUST'VE FOLLOWED YOU HERE!
I'LL FIX THEM!
MEN! SPREAD OUT--- SURROUND THE PLACE-- GET ALL THE PEOPLE FROM THE BUILDING OUT--- AND THEN START FIRING!
UGH!
REALIZING THEY MUST THROW IN WITH SLINK, THE PAROLE BOSS' THUGS SEND LEAD SCREAMING AT THE POLICE. THE DUEL BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE LAWLESS HAS BEGUN!


AS THE BATTLE OF BULLETS RAGES, A DRIPPING FIGURE PULLS ITSELF ONTO THE WATERFRONT PIER---IT IS THE BATMAN!
WOW--MY HEAD! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRIFTING ON THE WATER FOR QUITE A FEW MINUTES... BETTER GET BACK TO ROBIN---
MEANWHILE, THE BOSS' THUGS FALL LIKE LEAVES IN A STORM BEFORE THE WITHERING GUNFIRE---
GET MOVING, KID!
THEY'RE CUTTIN' US TO PIECES!
LOOK OUT! THEY'RE SHOOTING... (COUGH-COUGH!) TEAR GAS CARTRIDGES!
IF ANY COP SO MUCH AS MOVES INTO THE BUILDING, THIS BOY DIES!
RUN INSIDE AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY MORE OF THEM HOLED UP!
HERE COME THE RATS--RUNNING OUT OF THEIR HOLES!
COUGH!
HELLO! I'M COMING FOR ROBIN!
IT'S YOU, BATMAN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET THE GREAT BATMAN--AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET MY WISH! COME ON, BATMAN--HA-HA!
ROBIN! I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT BOY KILLED! EVEN THOUGH HE DOES WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW, STILL HE DOES FIGHT CRIME! IF..
AND ALONE AND UNAFRAID, THE BATMAN WALKS TOWARD WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN DEATH..
I'M COMING UP THERE TO GET YOU! I'M WALKING UP THE STEPS NOW!
AND THOSE WILL BE THE LAST STEPS YOU'LL EVER WALK! HA-HA!
BETTER GET READY, I'M ALMOST THERE!
HA! I'M READY--AND WAITING TO SEE YOU DIE!
I'M HERE, FELLA!
OKAY, BATMAN--YOU ASKED FOR IT!

ABRUPTLY--ROBIN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...

OOF!

THE CRIME-HUNTER AND CRIME-MASTER CLASH IN A BATTLE TO DEATH.

A SUDDEN BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN OFF BALANCE AND REELING TOWARD AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT—

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF!

BUT THE MADMAN'S CHARGE CARRIES HIM TOO FAR BOTH THE BATMAN AND THE PAROLE RACKETEER PLUNGE DOWN THE SHAFT!

WHA?

EVEN AS HE DROPS, LIKE A LEADEN PLUMMET, THE BATMAN'S HAND CLOSES VISELIKE ABOUT THE OILY ELEVATOR CABLE--BUT THE PAROLE RACKETEER IS NOT SO FORTUNATE! A TRAILING SHRIEK MARKS HIS END!

AAAAAA

BOB KANE

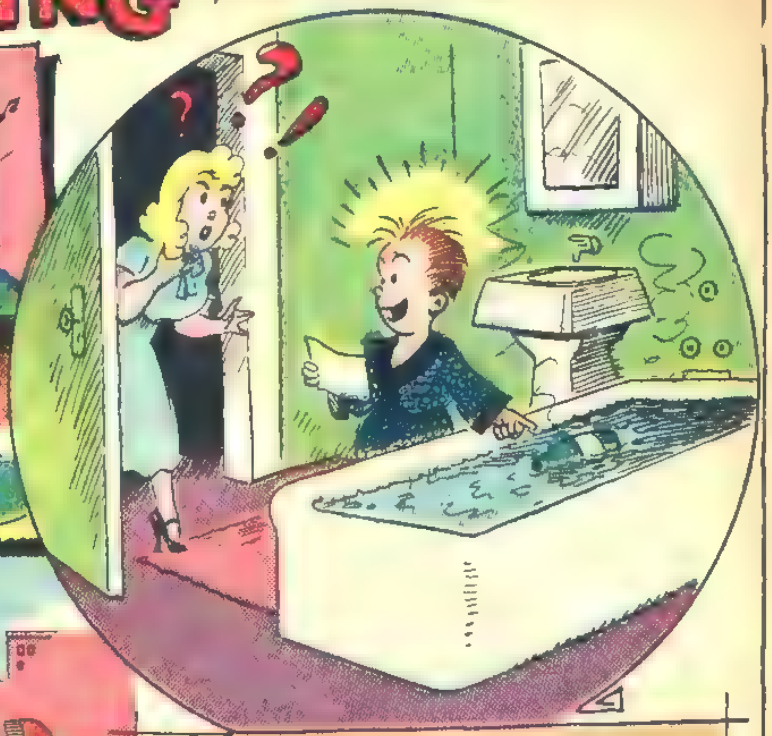
LATER-

WELL, I SUPPOSE ALL THOSE MEN PAROLED BY THEIR BOSS WILL GO BACK TO JAIL?

ALL EXCEPT MILLER! HE EARNED HIS PAROLE YOU KNOW. IT'S EASY FOR MOST PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND CRIME DOESN'T PAY. BUT WHEN A CRIMINAL SUDDENLY REALIZES IT, AS MILLER DID, WELL THAT'S ABOUT THE BEST MORAL LESSON THERE CAN BE!

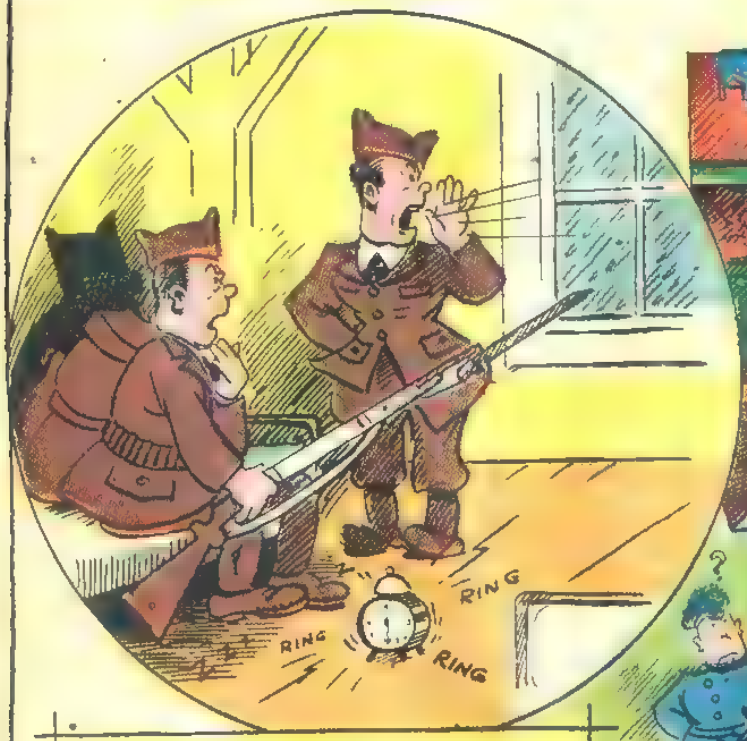
JEST KIDDING

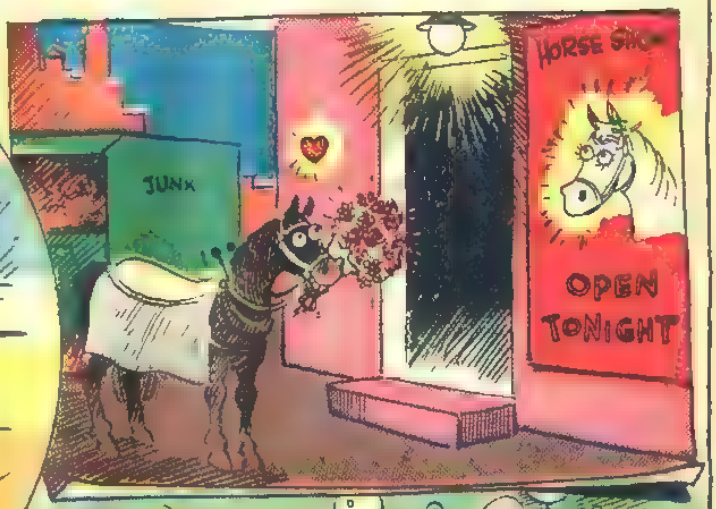
by Ray McGinnis



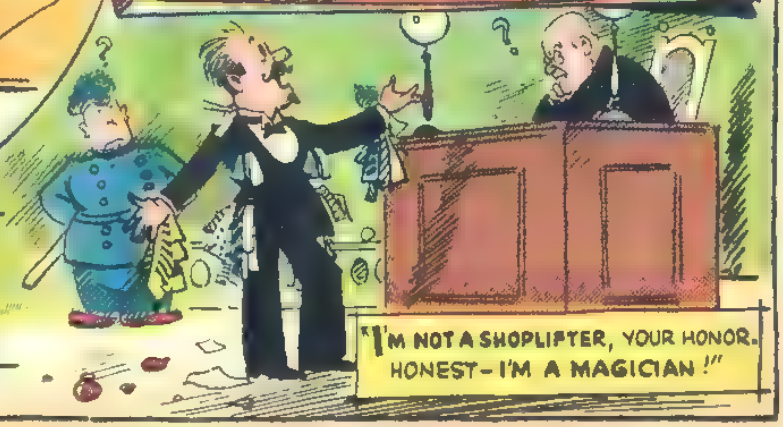
"HEY MISTER! HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A LITTLE BLACK SCOTTY DOG DOWN THERE?"

"LOOK MOM – I FOUND A MESSAGE IN THIS BOTTLE – IT'S FROM TH' WATER COMPANY – SAYS NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE!"



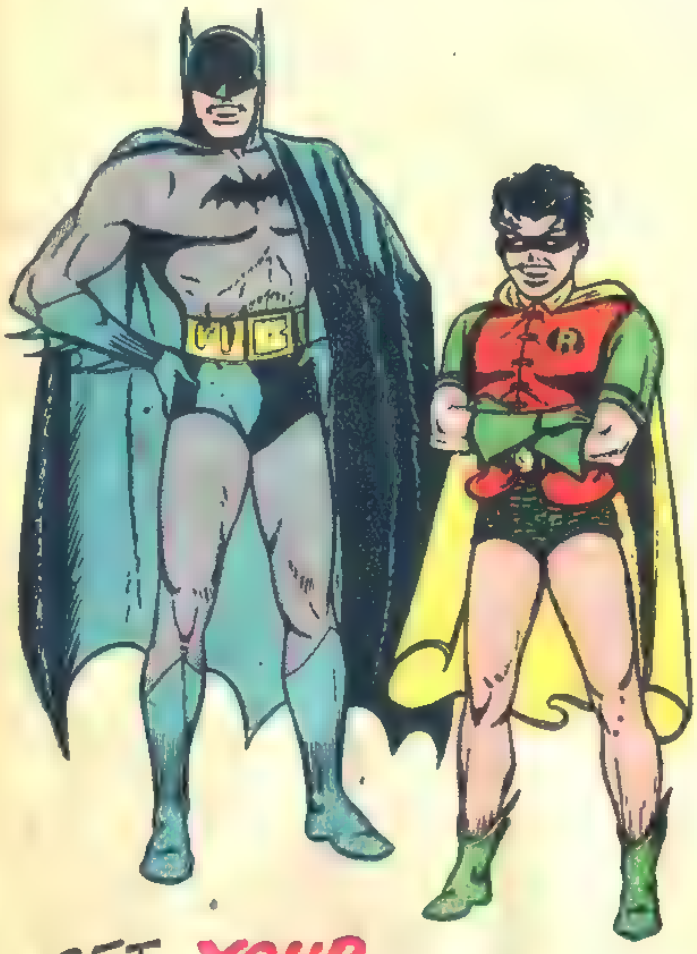


"HEY, BUGLER! WILL YA GIVE US A COUPLA BLASTS OVER HERE? BUTCH SAYS HE CAN'T GO ON TH' HIKE TODAY. HIS FOOT'S ASLEEP!"



"I'M NOT A SHOPLIFTER, YOUR HONOR. HONEST – I'M A MAGICIAN!"

THE WINNING TEAM!



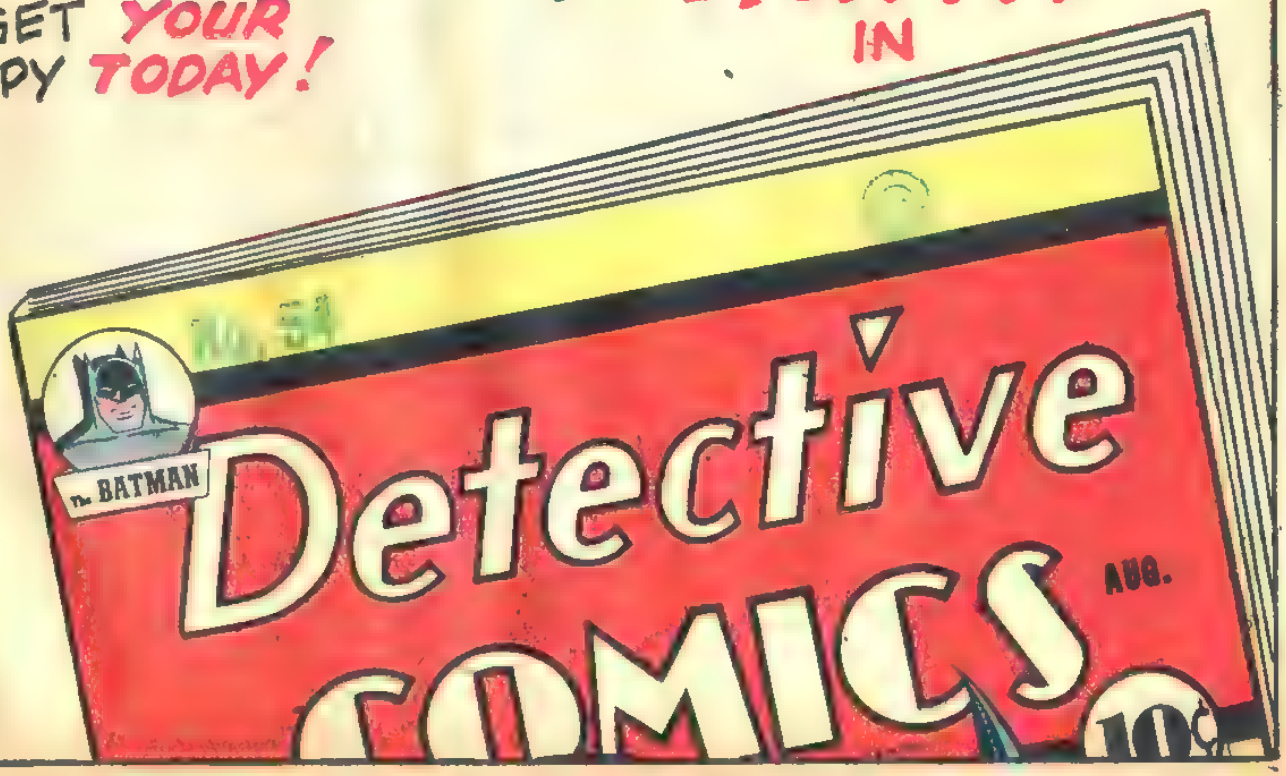
BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH SMASHING CRASHING ADVENTURES

EVERY MONTH

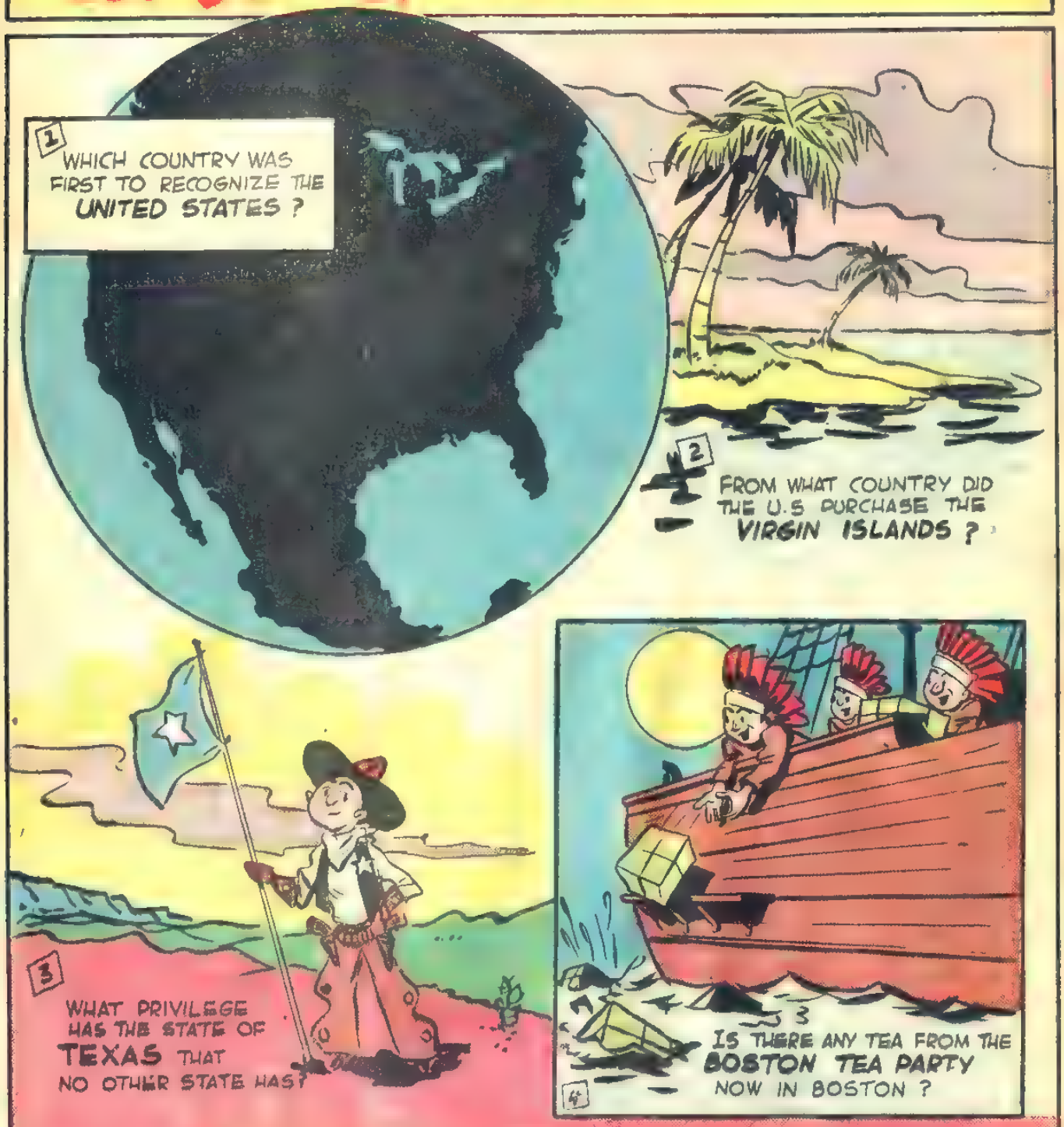
IN

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!



U.S. QUIZ

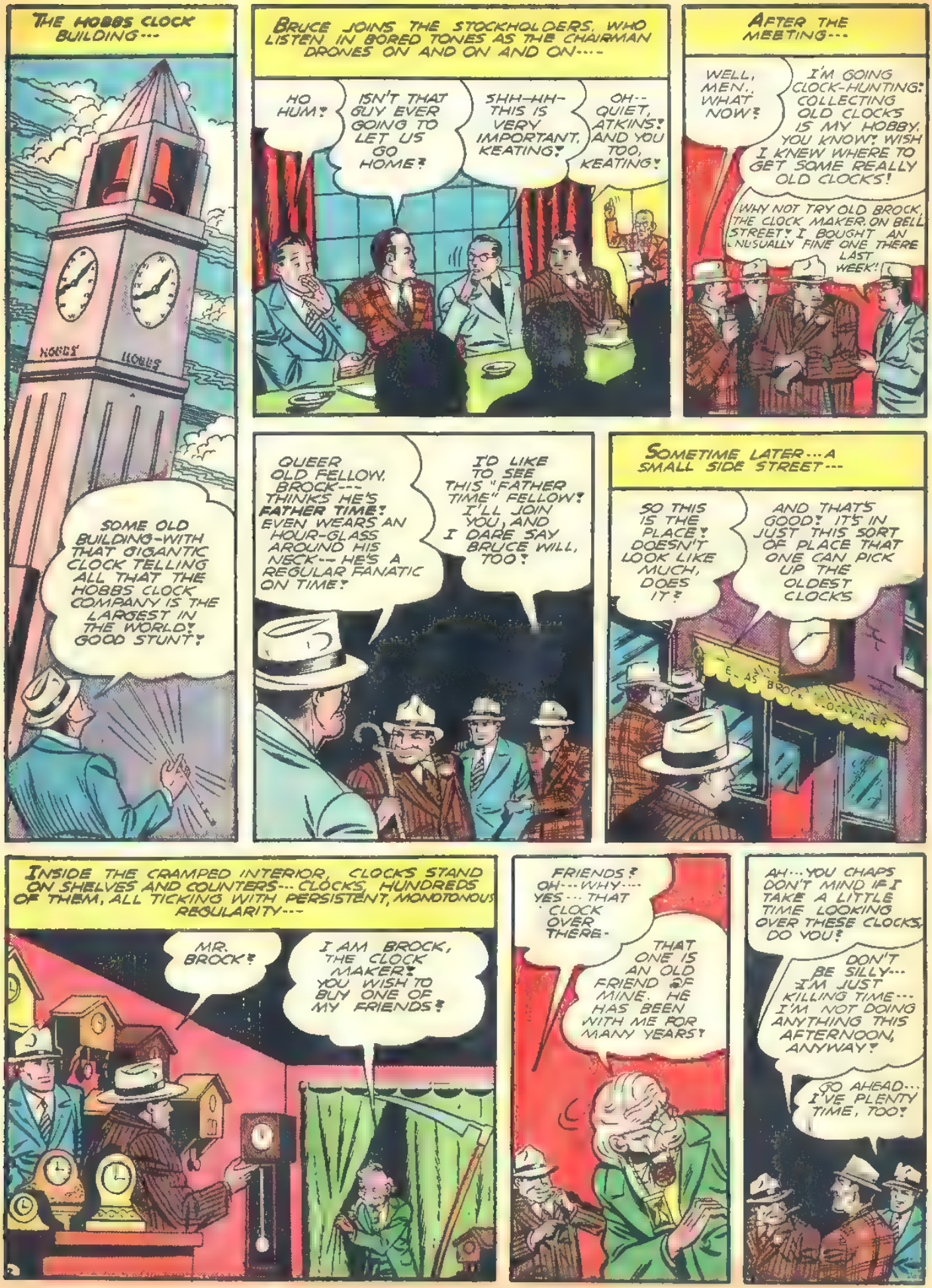
HENRY BOLTINOFF


1
WHICH COUNTRY WAS FIRST TO RECOGNIZE THE UNITED STATES ?
2
FROM WHAT COUNTRY DID THE U.S PURCHASE THE VIRGIN ISLANDS ?
3
WHAT PRIVILEGE HAS THE STATE OF TEXAS THAT NO OTHER STATE HAS?
3
IS THERE ANY TEA FROM THE BOSTON TEA PARTY NOW IN BOSTON ?

ANSWERS HERE..... HOLD UPSIDE DOWN

1. FRANCE, ON FEBRUARY 6, 1778.
2. DENMARK.
3. THE RIGHT TO SUB-DIVIDE INTO NOT MORE THAN FOUR ADDITIONAL STATES.
4. THERE IS, IN A BOTTLE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

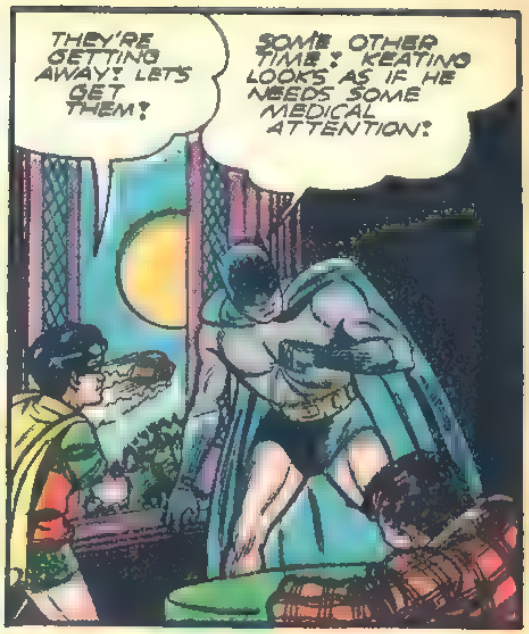
BAT MAN
WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG U S PAT OFF
HE WAS JUST A CLOCK MAKER--AND HE CALLED THEM MURDERERS! WHY?...AND WHY DID PEOPLE DIE WHEN CLOCKS STRUCK THIRTEEN? WHY DID THE TOLLING OF THIRTEEN MEAN THE TOLLING OF THE DEATH-KNELL? THIS WAS THE PROBLEM THAT FACED THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER. BUT THEY FOUND OUT...THEY FOUND THE ANSWER ALMOST TOO LATE WHEN THEY THEMSELVES DISCOVERED THAT THEY TOO WERE MARKED FOR DEATH BY--- the CLOCK MAKER!
BOB KANE
THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON---
WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO EARLY IN THE DAY?
A STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING. MY FATHER ONCE LEFT ME SHARES IN SOME CLOCK CONCERN. WELL ...TA...TA-- BE SEEING YOU, HALF-PINT!


THE HOBBS CLOCK BUILDING---
HOBBS
HOBBS
SOME OLD BUILDING-WITH THAT GIGANTIC CLOCK TELLING ALL THAT THE HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD! GOOD STUNT!
BRUCE JOINS THE STOCKHOLDERS, WHO LISTEN IN BORED TONES AS THE CHAIRMAN DRONES ON AND ON AND ON----
HO HUM!
ISN'T THAT GUY EVER GOING TO LET US GO HOME?
SHH-HH- THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, KEATING!
OH-- QUIET, ATKINS! AND YOU TOO, KEATING!
AFTER THE MEETING---
WELL, MEN., WHAT NOW?
I'M GOING CLOCK-HUNTING! COLLECTING OLD CLOCKS IS MY HOBBY, YOU KNOW! WISH I KNEW WHERE TO GET SOME REALLY OLD CLOCKS!
WHY NOT TRY OLD BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER, ON BELL STREET! I BOUGHT AN UNUSUALLY FINE ONE THERE LAST WEEK!
QUEER OLD FELLOW, BROCK--- THINKS HE'S FATHER TIME! EVEN WEARS AN HOUR-GLASS AROUND HIS NECK-- HE'S A REGULAR FANATIC ON TIME!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS "FATHER TIME" FELLOW! I'LL JOIN YOU, AND I DARE SAY BRUCE WILL, TOO!
SOMETIME LATER...A SMALL SIDE STREET---
SO THIS IS THE PLACE! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, DOES IT?
AND THAT'S GOOD! IT'S IN JUST THIS SORT OF PLACE THAT ONE CAN PICK UP THE OLDEST CLOCKS
E. AS BROCK CLOCKMAKER
INSIDE THE CRAMPED INTERIOR, CLOCKS STAND ON SHELVES AND COUNTERS... CLOCKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, ALL TICKING WITH PERSISTENT, MONOTONOUS REGULARITY---
MR. BROCK?
I AM BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER! YOU WISH TO BUY ONE OF MY FRIENDS?
FRIENDS? OH--- WHY--- YES... THAT CLOCK OVER THERE-
THAT ONE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. HE HAS BEEN WITH ME FOR MANY YEARS!
AH... YOU CHAPS DON'T MIND IF I TAKE A LITTLE TIME LOOKING OVER THESE CLOCKS, DO YOU?
DON'T BE SILLY... I'M JUST KILLING TIME... I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING THIS AFTERNOON, ANYWAY!
GO AHEAD... I'VE PLENTY TIME, TOO!

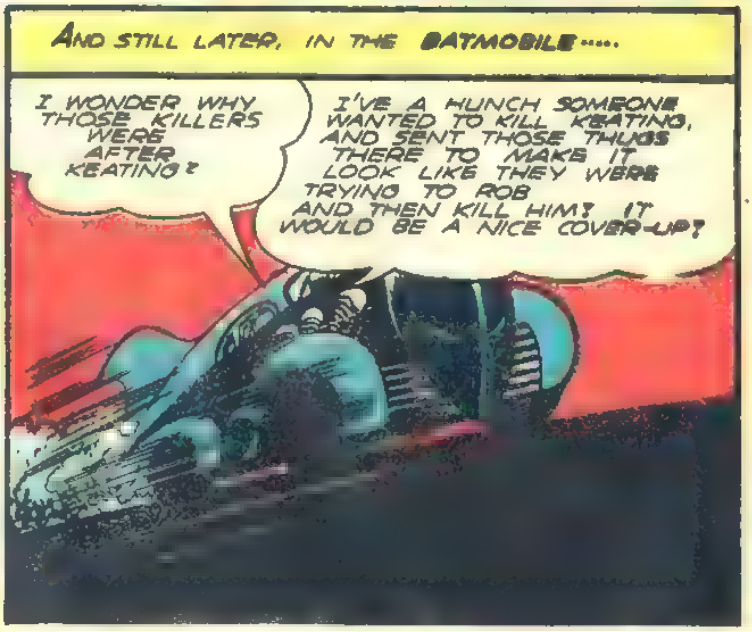
1
"KILLING TIME... PLENTY OF TIME"... YOU MURDERERS!
MURDERERS?
2
YES--MURDERERS! ---MURDERERS OF TIME! YOU KILL TIME EVERY DAY! YOU KILL PRECIOUS SECONDS THAT MIGHT BE USED IN DOING SOMETHING! SECONDS... MINUTES... HOURS HURRY PAST YOU AND YOU KILL EVERYONE OF THEM! MURDERERS!
3
ALL THESE FACES--- THESE HUNDREDS OF PAIRS OF HANDS ACCUSE YOU OF MURDER! IF I HAD MY WAY I'D SEE TO IT THAT TIME WOULD KILL YOU!! TIME WOULD MURDER YOU!
4
THAT--- THAT MAN'S CRAZY! DID YOU HEAR HIM RAVE ON?
HE'S A FANATIC ON TIME IF I EVER SAW ONE!
YES... ISN'T HE, THIS CLOCK MAKER-- ISN'T HE...
EXACTLY ONE DAY LATER---- BRUCE WAYNE RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM KEATING.
5
BRUCE, I'M WORRIED! FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS I'VE SEEN PROWLERS ABOUT MY HOUSE. I THINK--- I THINK THEY WANT TO KILL ME.
NONSENSE! WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU? GO BACK TO BED! YOU'VE JUST GOT THE JITTERS.
7
FROM PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE, AND SCHOOLBOY, DICK GRAYSON, EMERGE THE EXCITING PERSONALITIES OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
6
BUT BRUCE'S FACE BELIES HIS ASSURANCE THAT ALL IS WELL--
DICK, I THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE A RUN OVER TO KEATINGS PLACE. SOMETHING'S WRONG... I CAN FEEL IT!
C'MON, ROBIN---- THE BATMOBILE IS READY TO ROLL!
8
AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A THUNDEROUS ROAR AS THE BATMOBILE FLASHES THROUGH THE STREETS --- A RUNAWAY METEOR OF STREAMLINED STEEL!

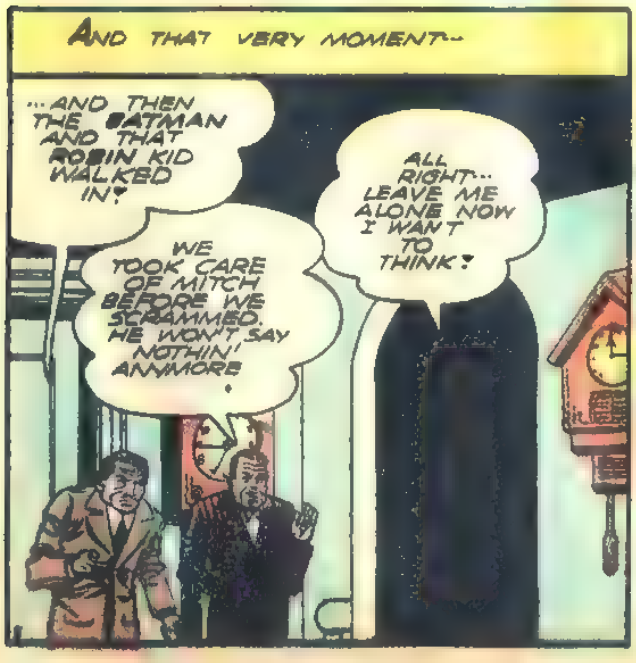
THE BATMOBILE RACES TO THE KEATING HOME IN RECORD TIME!
HELP!
C'MON, ROBIN! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BEING PAGED!
UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE DART THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...TWIN AVENGERS OF EVIL!
GREETINGS..!
THE-THE BATMAN!
...AND SALUTATIONS..
...AND ALL THAT SORT OF THINGS!
HOLD HIM STILL! GIMME A CHANCE TO PLUG 'IM!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, MUGG...BUT YOU MUFFED IT!
OOF!
BEFORE THE HOODLUMS CAN RECOVER, THE BATMAN IS UPON THEM LIKE A POUNCING TIGER!
VERY NICE! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SOIL MY HANDS ON THE BOTH OF YOU!
OUTSIDE, THE THUGS SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND RUN TO THEIR CAR!
C'MON! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE... BUT FAST!
WAIT- MITCH IS INSIDE! HE MIGHT TALK!

HE WON'T GET A CHANCE TO SQUEAL TO THE BATMAN--
OHHHH


THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! LET'S GET THEM!
SOME OTHER TIME! KEATING LOOKS AS IF HE NEEDS SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION!

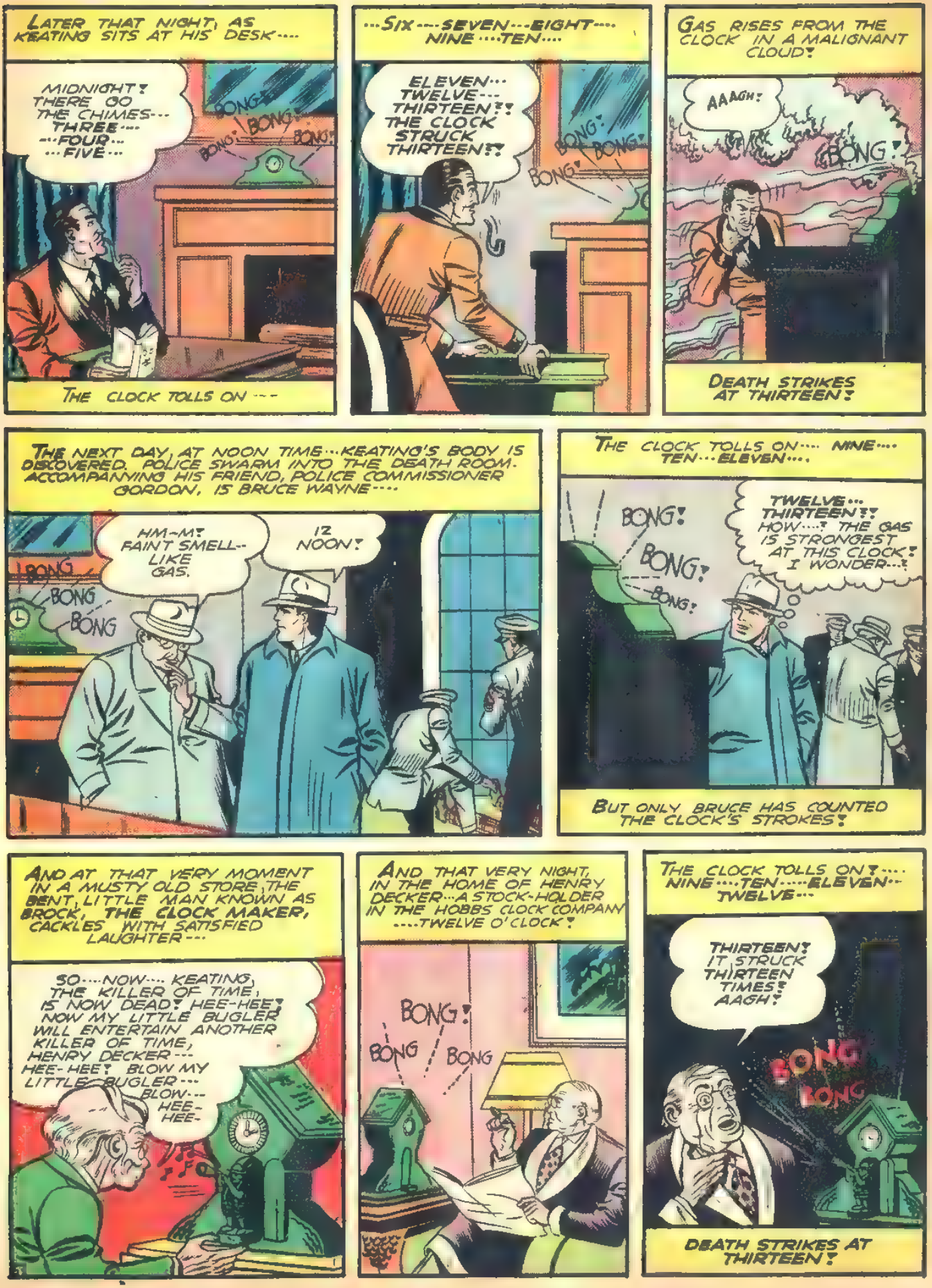
LATER---
WHAT--- WHO---?
TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW. JUST A BIT BRUISED, THAT'S ALL--

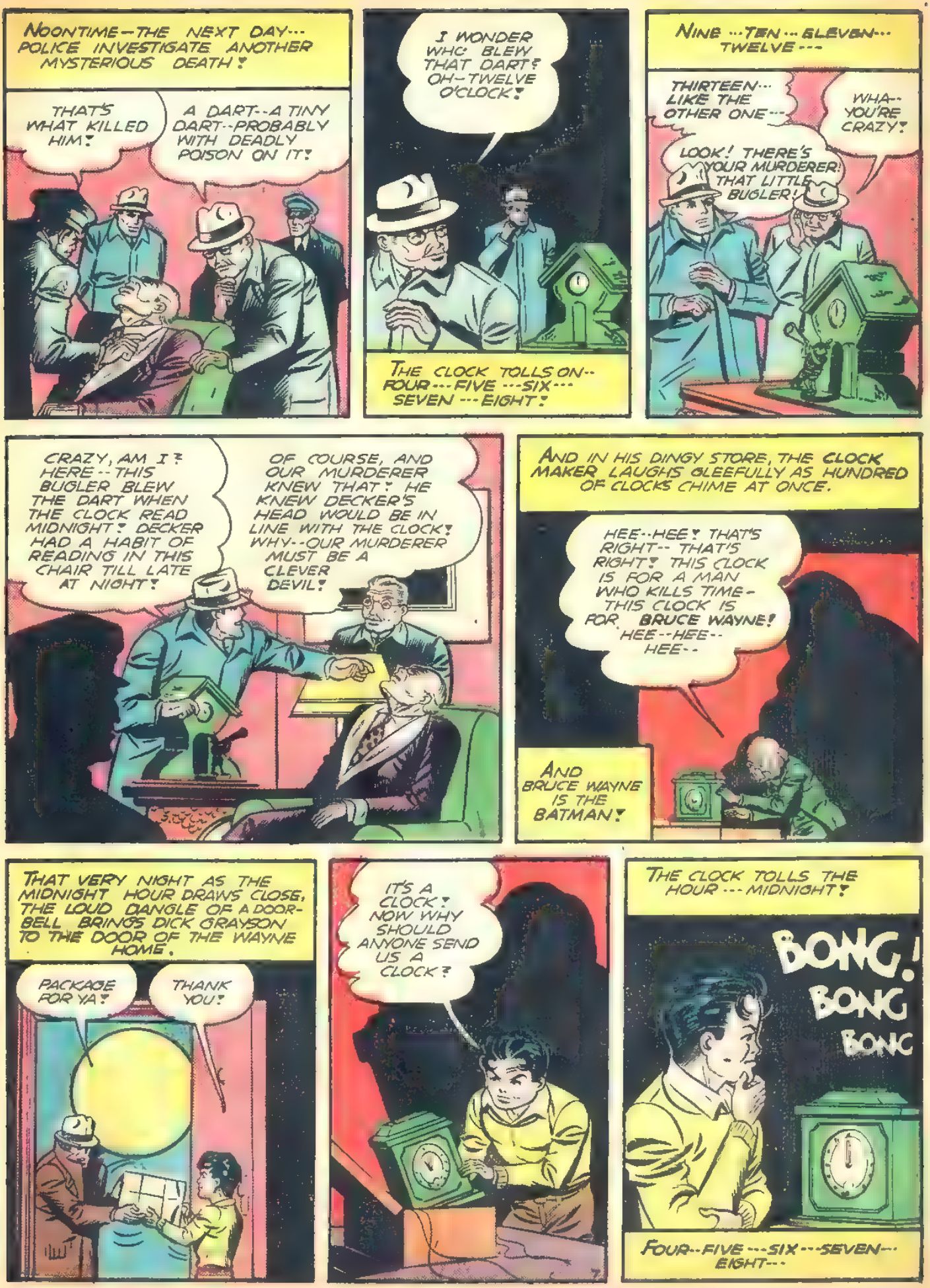

AND STILL LATER, IN THE BATMOBILE.....
I WONDER WHY THOSE KILLERS WERE AFTER KEATING?
I'VE A HUNCH SOMEONE WANTED TO KILL KEATING, AND SENT THOSE THUGS THERE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEY WERE TRYING TO ROB AND THEN KILL HIM! IT WOULD BE A NICE COVER-UP!

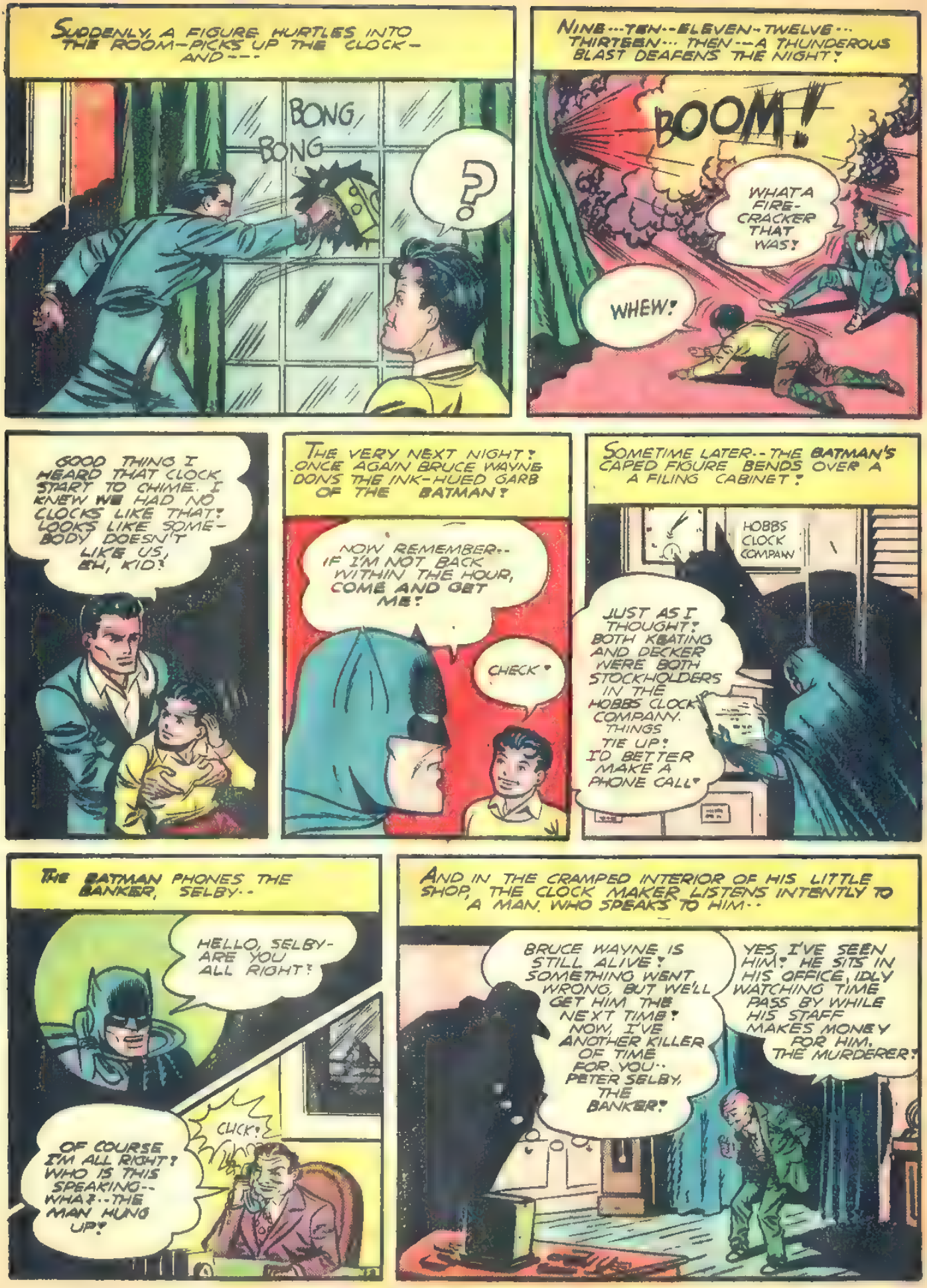

AND THAT VERY MOMENT--
...AND THEN THE BATMAN AND THAT ROBIN KID WALKED IN!
WE TOOK CARE OF MITCH BEFORE WE SCRAMMED. HE WON'T SAY NOTHIN' ANYMORE.
ALL RIGHT... LEAVE ME ALONE NOW I WANT TO THINK!

THE BATMAN EH? I'LL HAVE TO BE SUBTLE NOW WITH HIM AROUND! THE TICKING OF THOSE CLOCKS DISTURBS MY THOUGHTS... CLOCKS... THERE'S A THOUGHT! I WONDER-- I WONDER--
TICK
TICK
TICK

TWO NIGHTS LATER IN THE KEATING HOME. A CLAW-LIKE HAND DEPOSITS A SUBSTITUTE CLOCK WHERE ANOTHER ONCE STOOD!

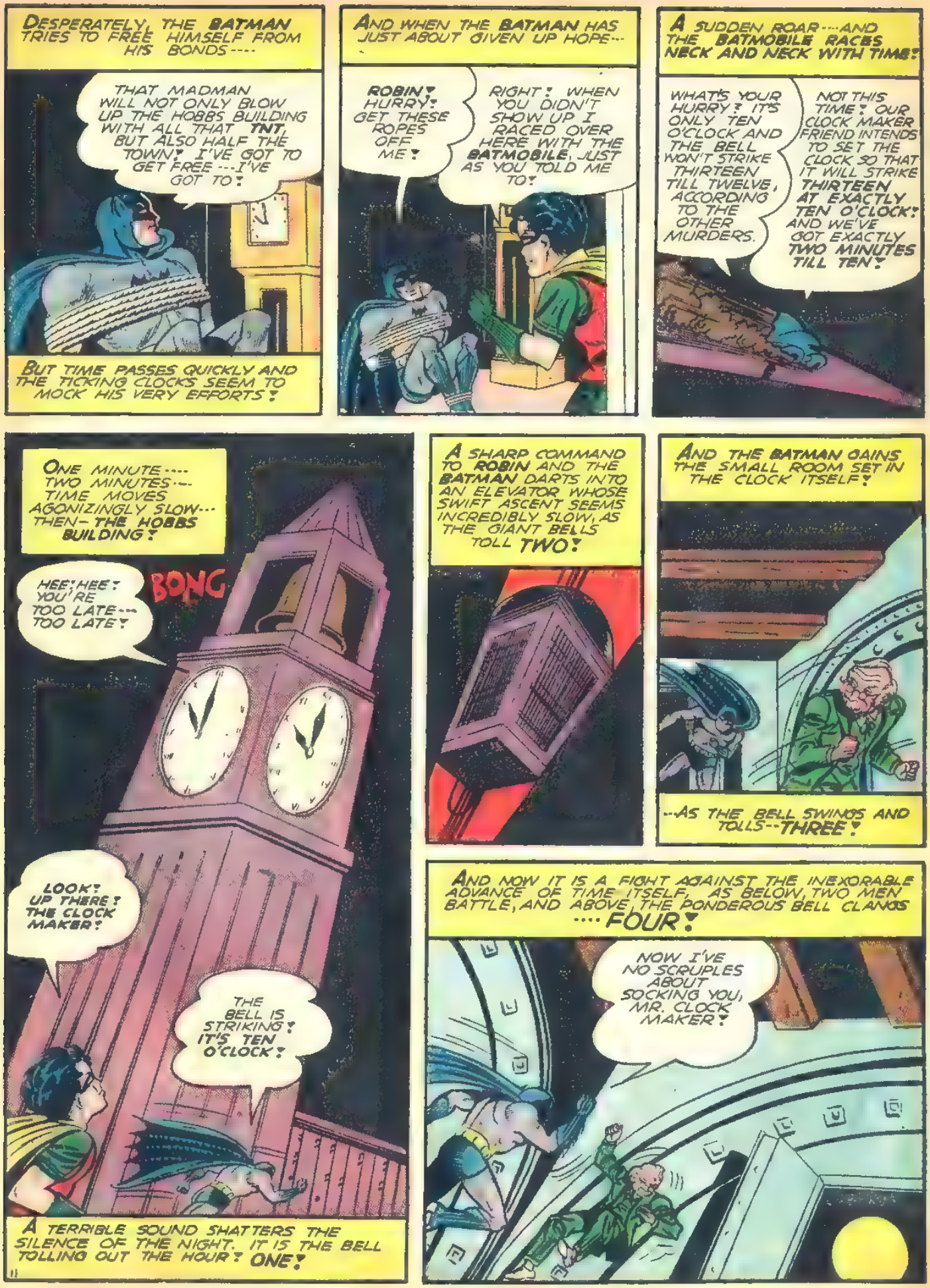

LATER THAT NIGHT, AS KEATING SITS AT HIS DESK....
MIDNIGHT! THERE GO THE CHIMES... THREE.... ...FOUR... ...FIVE...
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
THE CLOCK TOLLS ON ---
...SIX ---- SEVEN ---EIGHT ---- NINE ....TEN....
ELEVEN... TWELVE... THIRTEEN!! THE CLOCK STRUCK THIRTEEN!!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
GAS RISES FROM THE CLOCK IN A MALIGNANT CLOUD!
AAAGH!
BONG!
DEATH STRIKES AT THIRTEEN!
THE NEXT DAY, AT NOON TIME...KEATING'S BODY IS DISCOVERED. POLICE SWARM INTO THE DEATH ROOM. ACCOMPANYING HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON, IS BRUCE WAYNE....
HM-M! FAINT SMELL-- LIKE GAS.
12 NOON!
BONG BONG BONG
THE CLOCK TOLLS ON.... NINE.... TEN... ELEVEN....
BONG! BONG! BONG!
TWELVE... THIRTEEN!! HOW....? THE GAS IS STRONGEST AT THIS CLOCK! I WONDER...?
BUT ONLY BRUCE HAS COUNTED THE CLOCK'S STROKES!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN A MUSTY OLD STORE, THE DENT, LITTLE MAN KNOWN AS BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER, CACKLES WITH SATISFIED LAUGHTER---
SO....NOW.... KEATING, THE KILLER OF TIME, IS NOW DEAD! HEE-HEE! NOW MY LITTLE BUGLER WILL ENTERTAIN ANOTHER KILLER OF TIME, HENRY DECKER--- HEE-HEE! BLOW MY LITTLE BUGLER--- BLOW--- HEE-HEE-
AND THAT VERY NIGHT, IN THE HOME OF HENRY DECKER...A STOCK-HOLDER IN THE HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY ....TWELVE O'CLOCK!
BONG! BONG BONG
THE CLOCK TOLLS ON!.... NINE....TEN.....ELEVEN... TWELVE...
THIRTEEN! IT STRUCK THIRTEEN TIMES! AAGH!
BONG BONG
DEATH STRIKES AT THIRTEEN!

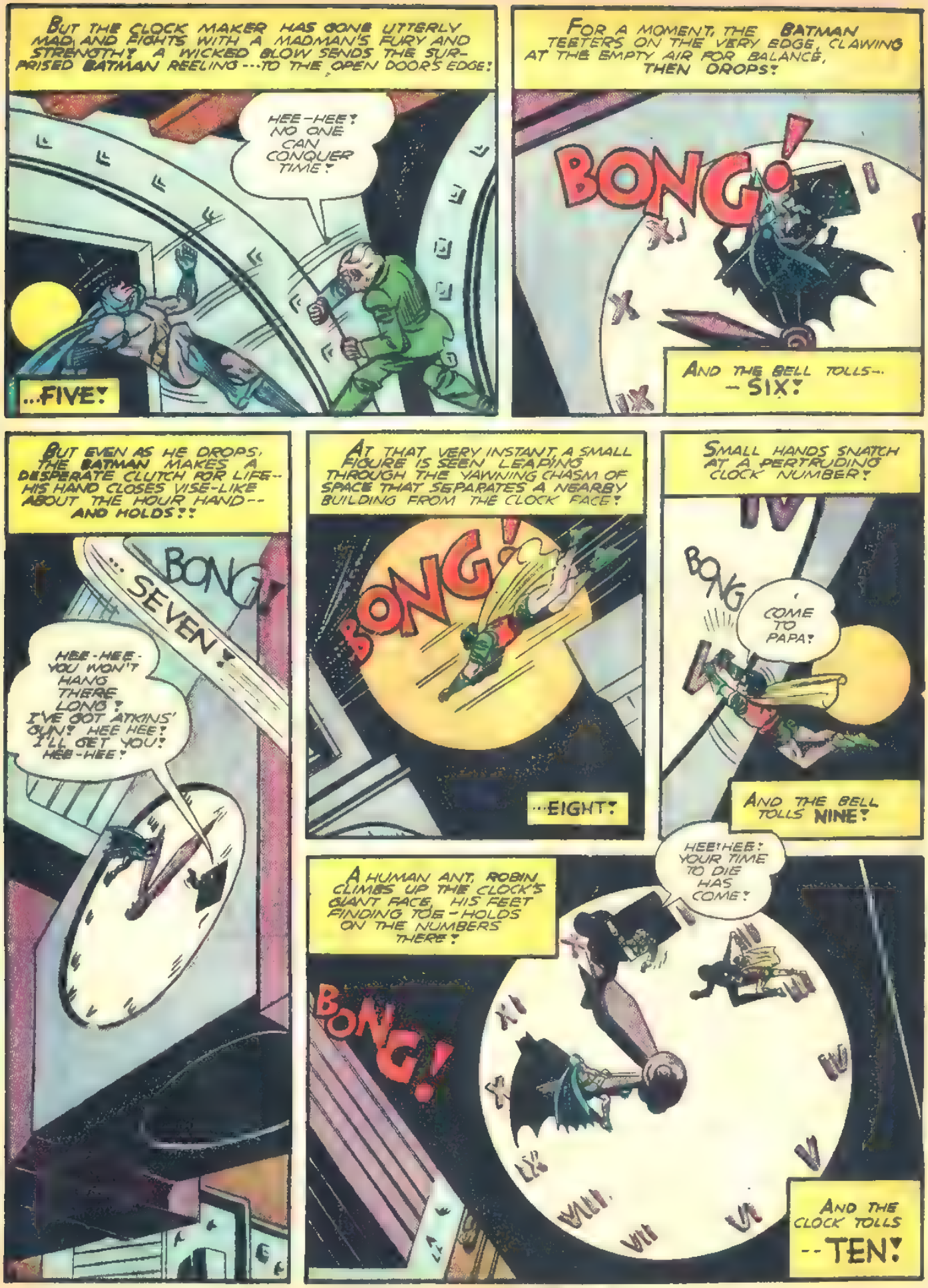

NOONTIME—THE NEXT DAY... POLICE INVESTIGATE ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DEATH!
THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM!
A DART--A TINY DART--PROBABLY WITH DEADLY POISON ON IT!
I WONDER WHO BLEW THAT DART! OH—TWELVE O'CLOCK!
THE CLOCK TOLLS ON-- FOUR--- FIVE --- SIX--- SEVEN --- EIGHT!
NINE ...TEN ... ELEVEN... TWELVE ---
THIRTEEN... LIKE THE OTHER ONE---
WHA-- YOU'RE CRAZY!
LOOK! THERE'S YOUR MURDERER! THAT LITTLE BUGLER!
CRAZY, AM I? HERE -- THIS BUGLER BLEW THE DART WHEN THE CLOCK READ MIDNIGHT! DECKER HAD A HABIT OF READING IN THIS CHAIR TILL LATE AT NIGHT!
OF COURSE, AND OUR MURDERER KNEW THAT! HE KNEW DECKER'S HEAD WOULD BE IN LINE WITH THE CLOCK! WHY--OUR MURDERER MUST BE A CLEVER DEVIL!
AND IN HIS DINGY STORE, THE CLOCK MAKER LAUGHS GLEEFULLY AS HUNDRED OF CLOCKS CHIME AT ONCE.
HEE--HEE! THAT'S RIGHT-- THAT'S RIGHT! THIS CLOCK IS FOR A MAN WHO KILLS TIME— THIS CLOCK IS FOR BRUCE WAYNE! HEE--HEE-- HEE--
AND BRUCE WAYNE IS THE BATMAN!
THAT VERY NIGHT AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR DRAWS CLOSE, THE LOUD DANGLE OF A DOOR-BELL BRINGS DICK GRAYSON TO THE DOOR OF THE WAYNE HOME.
PACKAGE FOR YA!
THANK YOU!
IT'S A CLOCK! NOW WHY SHOULD ANYONE SEND US A CLOCK?
THE CLOCK TOLLS THE HOUR --- MIDNIGHT!
BONG! BONG BONG
FOUR--FIVE ---SIX ---SEVEN--- EIGHT---


SUDDENLY, A FIGURE HURTLES INTO THE ROOM—PICKS UP THE CLOCK—AND———
BONG, BONG
?
NINE···TEN··ELEVEN··TWELVE··· THIRTEEN··· THEN··A THUNDEROUS BLAST DEAFENS THE NIGHT!
BOOM!
WHAT A FIRE-CRACKER THAT WAS!
WHEW!
GOOD THING I HEARD THAT CLOCK START TO CHIME. I KNEW WE HAD NO CLOCKS LIKE THAT! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE US, EH, KID?
THE VERY NEXT NIGHT! ONCE AGAIN BRUCE WAYNE DONS THE INK-HUED GARB OF THE BATMAN!
NOW REMEMBER··IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN THE HOUR, COME AND GET ME!
CHECK!
SOMETIME LATER··THE BATMAN'S CAPED FIGURE BENDS OVER A A FILING CABINET!
HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY
JUST AS I THOUGHT! BOTH KEATING AND DECKER WERE BOTH STOCKHOLDERS IN THE HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY. THINGS TIE UP! I'D BETTER MAKE A PHONE CALL!
THE BATMAN PHONES THE BANKER, SELBY··
HELLO, SELBY—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
CLICK!
OF COURSE I'M ALL RIGHT! WHO IS THIS SPEAKING··WHA?··THE MAN HUNG UP!
AND IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF HIS LITTLE SHOP, THE CLOCK MAKER LISTENS INTENTLY TO A MAN, WHO SPEAKS TO HIM··
BRUCE WAYNE IS STILL ALIVE! SOMETHING WENT WRONG, BUT WE'LL GET HIM THE NEXT TIME! NOW, I'VE ANOTHER KILLER OF TIME FOR YOU·· PETER SELBY, THE BANKER!
YES, I'VE SEEN HIM! HE SITS IN HIS OFFICE, IDLY WATCHING TIME PASS BY WHILE HIS STAFF MAKES MONEY FOR HIM, THE MURDERER!

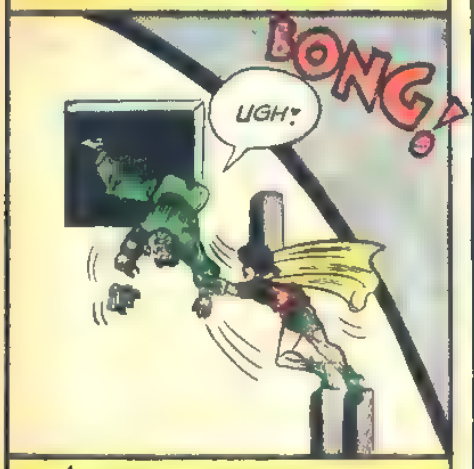
QUICK! GIVE ME THE ADDRESS OF THIS MAN SO I MAY LET ONE OF MY FRIENDS, A CLOCK, AVENGE THE DEATH OF TIME!
SURE... SURE... HIS ADDRESS IS...
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM YOUR ADDRESS..
--ATKINS!
WHO? -THAT COSTUME- YOU'RE THE BATMAN!
YOU!
WHOA! THERE- FATHER TIME!
I HATE TO HIT AN OLDER MAN... BUT I'M AFRAID THIS TIME IT'S NECESSARY!
THAT GUN WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, ATKINS! I KNOW WHY YOU KILLED THOSE STOCK-HOLDERS, KEATING, AND DECKER! YOU WANTED TO CONTROL HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY BY YOURSELF!
THAT'S RIGHT! WHEN OLD HOBBS, THE FOUNDER OF THE COMPANY, DIED, HE LEFT A WILL STATING HIS PERSONAL STOCKS WERE TO BE DEVIDED AMONG THE OTHER MEMBERS!..
...AND THAT EACH TIME ANOTHER STOCKHOLDER DIED, HOBBS' PERSONAL STOCK WAS TO BE DIVIDED AMONG THE SURVIVING MEMBERS! I HAD MORE STOCK THAN ANY ONE ELSE TO BEGIN WITH.
AND SO YOU FIGURED IF YOU HAD THE OTHERS KILLED OFF, YOU ALONE WOULD SOON OWN THE CONTROLLING SHARES OF STOCK! A CLEVER MAN BUT A MAD ONE!
MAD? HA... IT WAS CLEVER! I EVEN PLAYED ON THE FANATICAL OLD CLOCK MAKER'S WARPED SENSES... MADE HIM THINK THE OTHERS WERE "MURDERERS OF TIME" AND SHOULD BE KILLED -- JUST AS I'M GOING TO KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!

WITH ONE CAT-LIKE BOUND, THE BATMAN IS UPON ATKINS!
DROP THAT GUN, YOU MURDERER!
THE GUN GOES OFF--AND THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!
THE CLOCK MAKER'S BEEN HIT!
AS THE BATMAN, HORRIFIED, WATCHES OLD BROCK DROP TO THE FLOOR, HE LEAVES HIMSELF OFF-GUARD FOR THE MOMENT AND--
HA-HA--HA HA!
ATKINS BINDS THE BATMAN WITH ROPE!
NOW LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS, HA HA! NOW I'LL DROP YOU IN THE RIVER, BOTH YOU AND OLD BROCK. SO THERE'LL BE NO SNOOPING POLICE!
SUDDENLY, A VOICE WHIRLS ATKINS ABOUT!
YOUR HOUR HAS COME, DECEIVER OF TIME!
YOU! BUT YOU'RE DEAD! I SAW YOU DIE! NO-DON'T KILL ME! NO--NO NO!
A SHRIEK IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF! DEATH HAS COME TO ATKINS!
HEE-HEE! YOU SEE HOW TIME PROTECTS ITS OWN? LOOK! THIS WATCH SAVED ME! YOUR BULLET STRUCK THE WATCH, NOT ME FOR I AM TIME FATHER TIME--HEE! I'VE COME TO THIS WRETCHED EARTH SWARMING WITH MY MURDERERS MY KILLERS WHO SCORN ME SO THAT I WASTE AWAY AND DIE!
AS THE MADMAN RAVES ON - THE BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
YOU AND YOUR HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY--WITH THE GREATEST CLOCK IN THE CITY I'LL SHOW YOU I'LL BLOW IT AND MYSELF UP AWAY FROM THIS EARTH AND ITS WASTERS OF TIME WHEN THE GIANT BELL STRIKES THIRTEEN THIRTEEN HEE-HEE HEE-THE LAST VIBRATING NOTE WILL SET OFF THE BOMB HEE HEE!
NITRO-GLYCERINE


DESPERATELY, THE BATMAN TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS----
THAT MADMAN WILL NOT ONLY BLOW UP THE HOBBS BUILDING WITH ALL THAT TNT, BUT ALSO HALF THE TOWN! I'VE GOT TO GET FREE---I'VE GOT TO!
BUT TIME PASSES QUICKLY AND THE TICKING CLOCKS SEEM TO MOCK HIS VERY EFFORTS!
AND WHEN THE BATMAN HAS JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE---
ROBIN! HURRY! GET THESE ROPES OFF ME!
RIGHT! WHEN YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP I RACED OVER HERE WITH THE BATMOBILE, JUST AS YOU TOLD ME TO!
A SUDDEN ROAR---AND THE BATMOBILE RACES NECK AND NECK WITH TIME!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK AND THE BELL WON'T STRIKE THIRTEEN TILL TWELVE, ACCORDING TO THE OTHER MURDERS.
NOT THIS TIME! OUR CLOCK MAKER FRIEND INTENDS TO SET THE CLOCK SO THAT IT WILL STRIKE THIRTEEN AT EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK! AND WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO MINUTES TILL TEN!
ONE MINUTE---- TWO MINUTES---- TIME MOVES AGONIZINGLY SLOW--- THEN- THE HOBBS BUILDING!
HEE! HEE! YOU'RE TOO LATE--- TOO LATE!
BONG
LOOK! UP THERE! THE CLOCK MAKER!
THE BELL IS STRIKING! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK!
A TERRIBLE SOUND SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. IT IS THE BELL TOLLING OUT THE HOUR! ONE!
A SHARP COMMAND TO ROBIN AND THE BATMAN DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR WHOSE SWIFT ASCENT SEEMS INCREDIBLY SLOW, AS THE GIANT BELLS TOLL TWO!
AND THE BATMAN GAINS THE SMALL ROOM SET IN THE CLOCK ITSELF!
--AS THE BELL SWINGS AND TOLLS--THREE!
AND NOW IT IS A FIGHT AGAINST THE INEXORABLE ADVANCE OF TIME ITSELF, AS BELOW, TWO MEN BATTLE, AND ABOVE, THE PONDEROUS BELL CLANGS .... FOUR!
NOW I'VE NO SCRUPLES ABOUT SOCKING YOU, MR. CLOCK MAKER!


But the clock maker has gone utterly mad and fights with a madman's fury and strength! A wicked blow sends the surprised Batman reeling ---to the open door's edge!
Hee-hee! No one can conquer time!
...FIVE!
For a moment, the Batman teeters on the very edge, clawing at the empty air for balance, then drops!
BONG!
And the bell tolls--- -SIX!
But even as he drops, the Batman makes a desperate clutch for life-- his hand closes vise-like about the hour hand-- and holds!!
... BONG! SEVEN!
Hee-hee- you won't hang there long! I've got Atkins' gun! Hee hee! I'll get you! Hee-hee!
At that very instant, a small figure is seen leaping through the yawning chasm of space that separates a nearby building from the clock face!
BONG!
...EIGHT!
Small hands snatch at a protruding clock number!
BONG
Come to papa!
And the bell tolls NINE!
A human ant, Robin climbs up the clock's giant face, his feet finding toe-holds on the numbers there!
Hee! Hee! Your time to die has come!
BONG!
And the clock tolls --TEN!

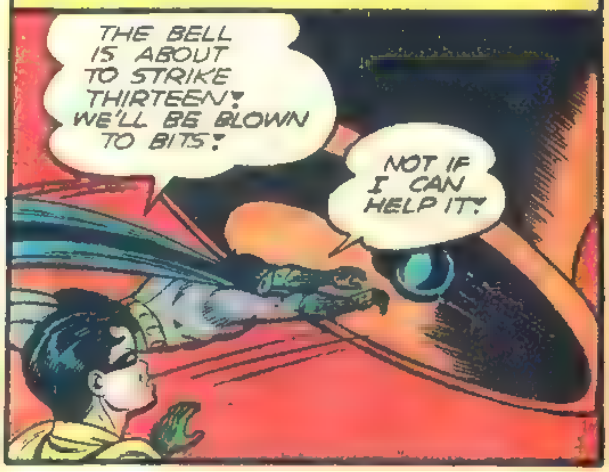
1 REACHING OUT, HIS HANDS CLOSE ON THE CLOCK MAKER---



AND THE CLOCK TOLLS ELEVEN!

2 WHO FALLS WITH A TRAILING SHRIEK AS THE BELL TOLLS.. TWELVE --

3 AND NOW THE TWIN BATTLERS OF CRIME RACE UP TO THE BELFRY ITSELF AS THE GIANT BELL SWINGS PONDEROUSLY... ITS HUGE CLAPPER READY TO CRASH FOR A FINAL CLANG-- AND SHATTERING DEATH!



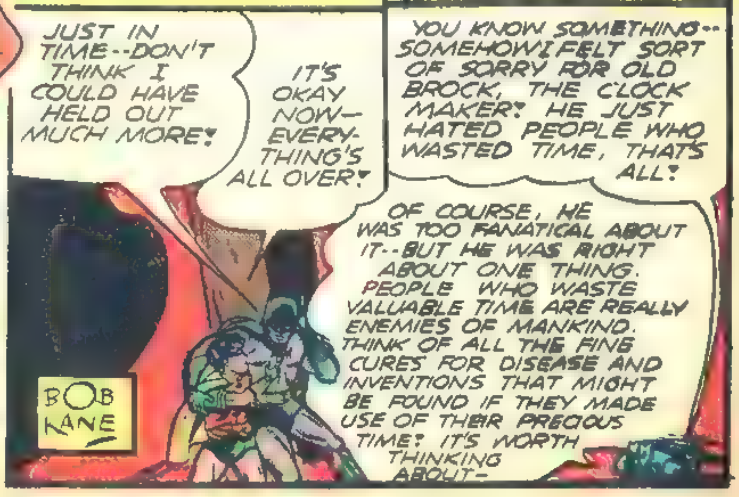
4 AND THE BATMAN'S BODY WINDS ABOUT THE GIANT CLAPPER AS IT CRASHES WITH SICKENING FORCE AGAINST THE GREAT BELL---

THE BATMAN'S BODY ACTS AS A BUFFER! THE DEAFENING VIBRATION THAT IS TO SET OFF THE DEADLY T.N.T. DOES NOT COME!

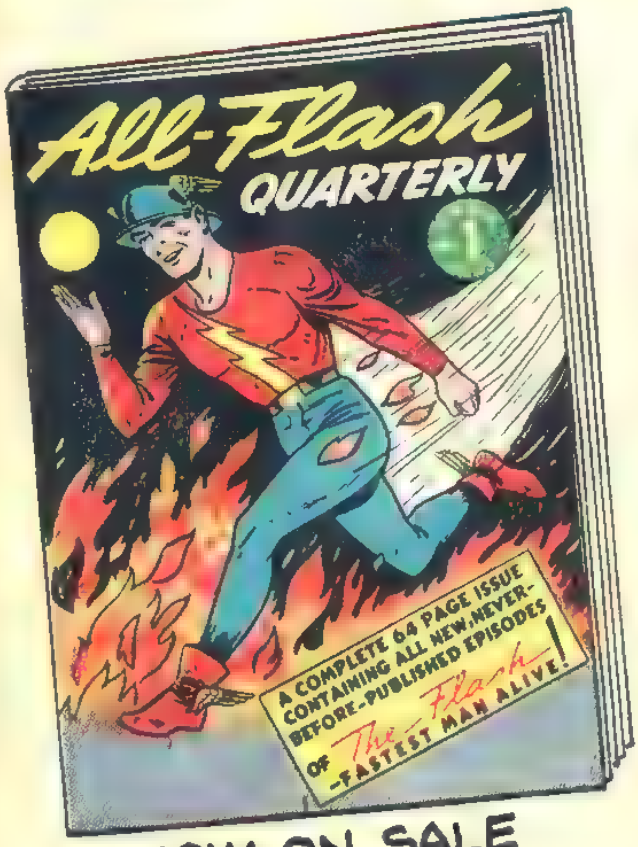
5 BACK AND FORTH SWAYS THE GIANT CLAPPER CRASHING THE BATMAN'S BRUISED FORM AGAINST THE BELL AS IF TO DISLODGE HIM-- BUT HE HOLDS FAST, LIKE GRIM DEATH!

AT LAST, THE CLAPPER SWAYS NO MORE. ROBIN HAS FOUND THE MECHANISM THAT STOPS THE BELL'S GIANT SWING!

LATER, A SLEEK, VEHICLE BEARS AWAY TWO HEROIC FIGURES-- BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!


JUST IN TIME--DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE HELD OUT MUCH MORE!
IT'S OKAY NOW--EVERYTHING'S ALL OVER!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING-- SOMEHOW I FELT SORT OF SORRY FOR OLD BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER! HE JUST HATED PEOPLE WHO WASTED TIME, THAT'S ALL!
OF COURSE, HE WAS TOO FANATICAL ABOUT IT--BUT HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. PEOPLE WHO WASTE VALUABLE TIME ARE REALLY ENEMIES OF MANKIND. THINK OF ALL THE FINE CURES FOR DISEASE AND INVENTIONS THAT MIGHT BE FOUND IF THEY MADE USE OF THEIR PRECIOUS TIME! IT'S WORTH THINKING ABOUT--
BOB KANE

FAST AND FURIOUS!


All-Flash
QUARTERLY
A COMPLETE 64 PAGE ISSUE CONTAINING ALL NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED EPISODES OF The Flash -FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

NOW ON SALE

RIGHT! **FAST** IS THE WORD FOR The **FLASH** — FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

---AND YOU'LL BE **FURIOUS** IF YOU MISS ALLSTAR No.6 CONTAINING **8** OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS!

ON SALE JUNE 25TH

IT REALLY HAPPENED

KANSAS CITY, KAN. – A CAR DEALER FELL ASLEEP IN THE LOBBY OF A BANK AND FOUND 29 CENTS IN THE HAT HE HAD BEEN HOLDING IN HIS LAP WHEN HE AWOKE.

POOR MAN–

BALTIMORE – A MOVING HOUSEHOLDER LEFT HIS PIANO IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT.

POST NO BILLS

LOOK — I FOUND THE PIANO FIRST. IT'S COSTING YA TWO CENTS IF YOU WANT TO PLAY IT—

I QUIT — I'LL TAKE BACK MY SEWING MACHINE!

BUSHVILLE, IND. – A HAMBURGER STAND OWNER BOUGHT A SEWING MACHINE BUT COULDN'T PAY CASH. THE SALESMAN AGREED TO TO TAKE OUT $35 IN TRADE.

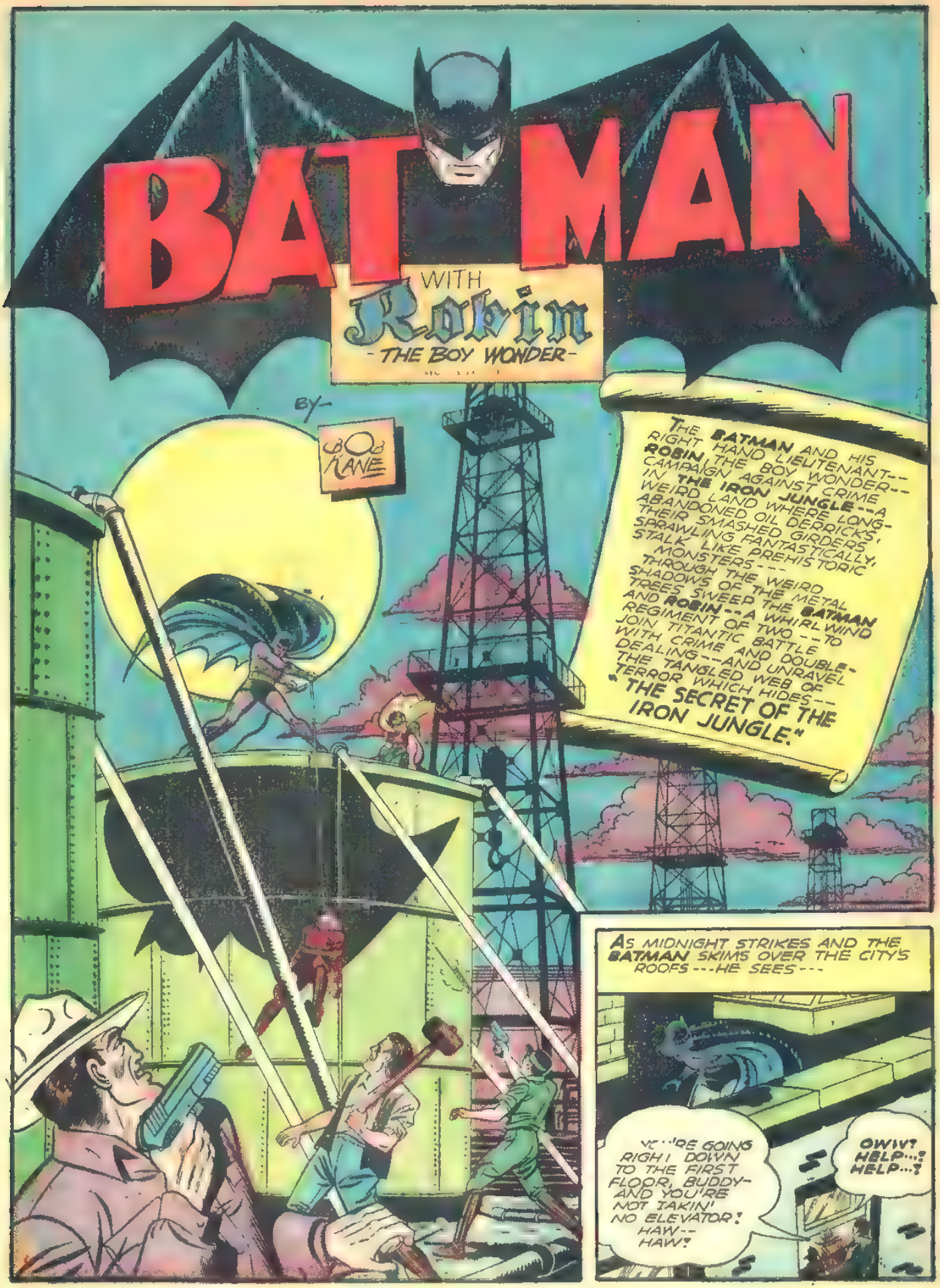
EDISTO, S.C. – WITHOUT DISTURBING ANY OF THE FURNISHINGS, A HURRICANE MOVED A HOUSE ONE MILE FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS.

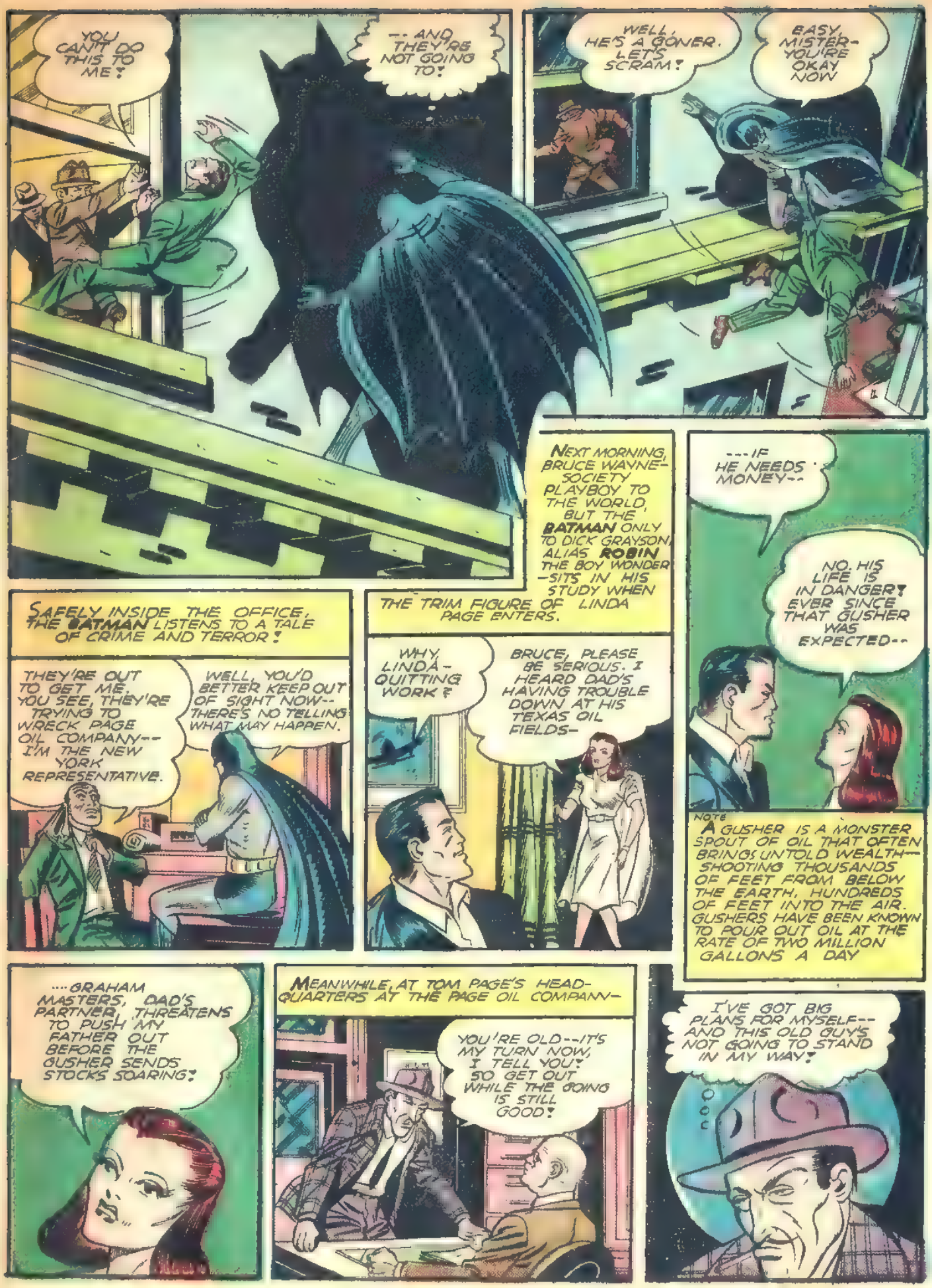
THE WIFE DID SAY SHE WAS LEAVING ME TO GO TO HER MOTHER — BUT I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D TAKE THE HOUSE WITH HER.

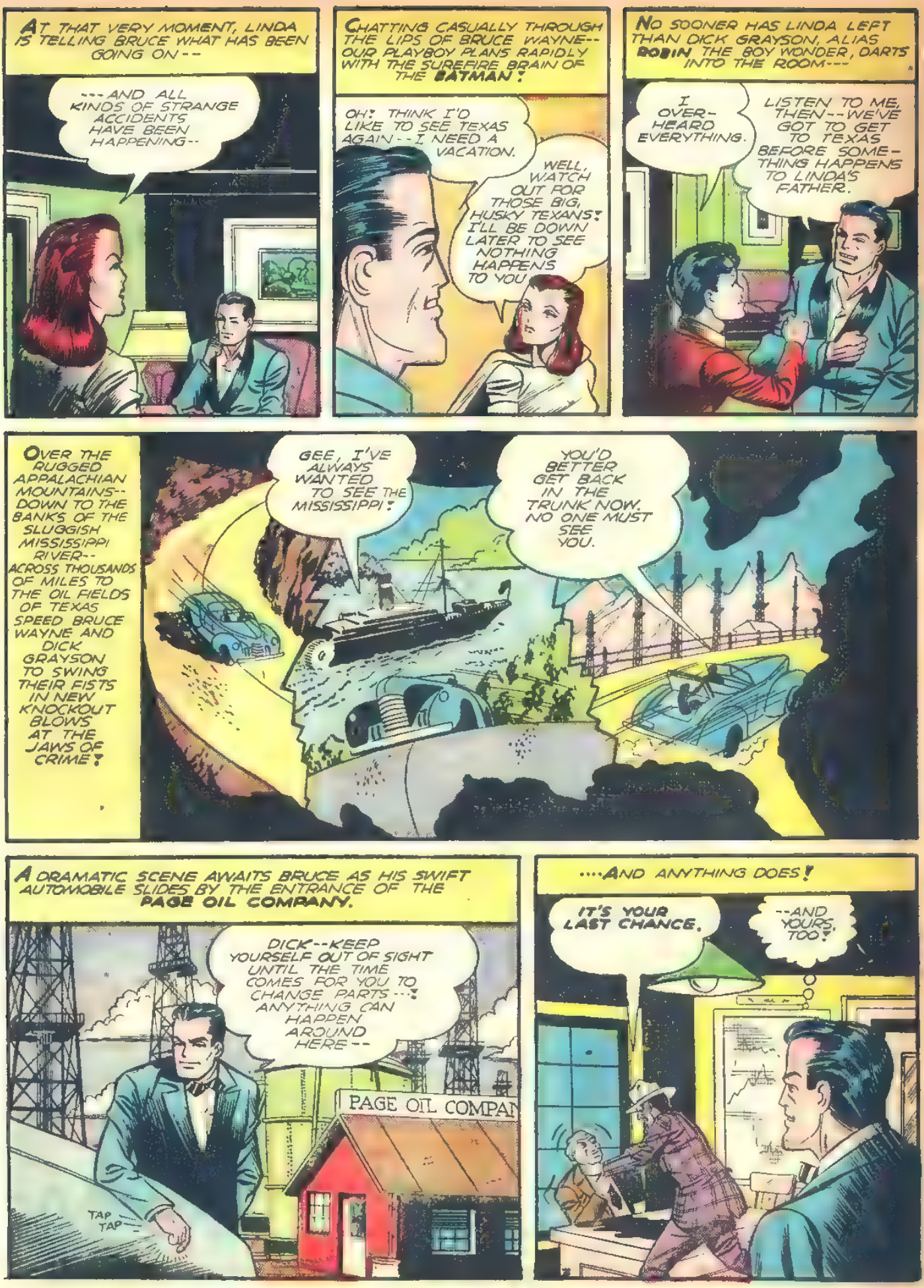
ANGELICA, N.Y. – IN A BAKING COMPETITION HELD HERE, A MAN WON FIRST PRIZE OVER THE WOMEN.

YEAH — THE WIFE FOUND OUT THAT I WON THE PRIZE AND THAT I AM QUITE HANDY AROUND THE KITCHEN.

Craig


BAT MAN
WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-
BY-
BOB KANE
THE BATMAN AND HIS RIGHT HAND LIEUTENANT--ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME IN THE IRON JUNGLE--A WEIRD LAND WHERE LONG-ABANDONED OIL DERRICKS, THEIR SMASHED GIRDERS SPRAWLING FANTASTICALLY, STALK LIKE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS---THROUGH THE WEIRD SHADOWS OF THE METAL TREES SWEEP THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--A WHIRLWIND REGIMENT OF TWO--TO JOIN TITANTIC BATTLE WITH CRIME AND DOUBLE-DEALING--AND UNRAVEL THE TANGLED WEB OF TERROR WHICH HIDES--- "THE SECRET OF THE IRON JUNGLE."
AS MIDNIGHT STRIKES AND THE BATMAN SKIMS OVER THE CITY'S ROOFS---HE SEES---
YE--'RE GOING RIGHT DOWN TO THE FIRST FLOOR, BUDDY-AND YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' NO ELEVATOR! HAW--HAW!
OWIVT HELP...! HELP...!

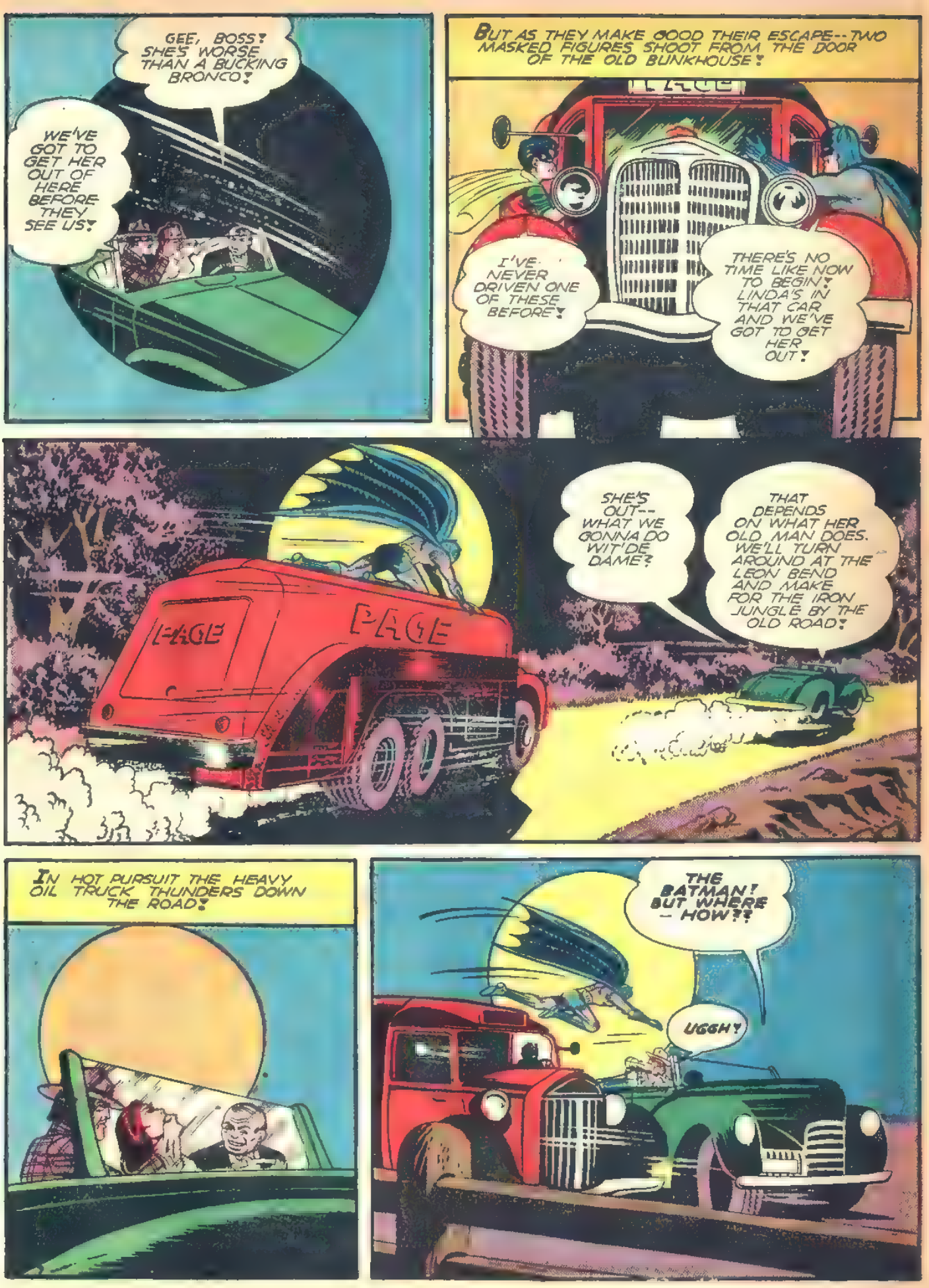

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
--AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO!
WELL, HE'S A GONER. LET'S SCRAM!
EASY, MISTER- YOU'RE OKAY NOW
NEXT MORNING, BRUCE WAYNE- SOCIETY PLAYBOY TO THE WORLD, BUT THE BATMAN ONLY TO DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER -SITS IN HIS STUDY WHEN THE TRIM FIGURE OF LINDA PAGE ENTERS.
---IF HE NEEDS MONEY--
NO. HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER! EVER SINCE THAT GUSHER WAS EXPECTED--
SAFELY INSIDE THE OFFICE, THE BATMAN LISTENS TO A TALE OF CRIME AND TERROR!
THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME. YOU SEE, THEY'RE TRYING TO WRECK PAGE OIL COMPANY-- I'M THE NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE.
WELL, YOU'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT NOW-- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MAY HAPPEN.
WHY, LINDA- QUITTING WORK?
BRUCE, PLEASE BE SERIOUS. I HEARD DAD'S HAVING TROUBLE DOWN AT HIS TEXAS OIL FIELDS-
NOTE A GUSHER IS A MONSTER SPOUT OF OIL THAT OFTEN BRINGS UNTOLD WEALTH-- SHOOTING THOUSANDS OF FEET FROM BELOW THE EARTH, HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE AIR. GUSHERS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POUR OUT OIL AT THE RATE OF TWO MILLION GALLONS A DAY
....GRAHAM MASTERS, DAD'S PARTNER, THREATENS TO PUSH MY FATHER OUT BEFORE THE GUSHER SENDS STOCKS SOARING!
MEANWHILE, AT TOM PAGE'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE PAGE OIL COMPANY-
YOU'RE OLD--IT'S MY TURN NOW, I TELL YOU! SO GET OUT WHILE THE GOING IS STILL GOOD!
I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR MYSELF-- AND THIS OLD GUY'S NOT GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, LINDA IS TELLING BRUCE WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON--
---AND ALL KINDS OF STRANGE ACCIDENTS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING--
CHATTING CASUALLY THROUGH THE LIPS OF BRUCE WAYNE--OUR PLAYBOY PLANS RAPIDLY WITH THE SUREFIRE BRAIN OF THE BATMAN!
OH! THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE TEXAS AGAIN--I NEED A VACATION.
WELL, WATCH OUT FOR THOSE BIG, HUSKY TEXANS! I'LL BE DOWN LATER TO SEE NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU
NO SOONER HAS LINDA LEFT THAN DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, DARTS INTO THE ROOM---
I OVER-HEARD EVERYTHING.
LISTEN TO ME, THEN--WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TEXAS BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO LINDA'S FATHER.
OVER THE RUGGED APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS--DOWN TO THE BANKS OF THE SLUGGISH MISSISSIPPI RIVER--ACROSS THOUSANDS OF MILES TO THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS SPEED BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON TO SWING THEIR FISTS IN NEW KNOCKOUT BLOWS AT THE JAWS OF CRIME!
GEE, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE MISSISSIPPI!
YOU'D BETTER GET BACK IN THE TRUNK NOW. NO ONE MUST SEE YOU.
A DRAMATIC SCENE AWAITS BRUCE AS HIS SWIFT AUTOMOBILE SLIDES BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE PAGE OIL COMPANY.
DICK--KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE TIME COMES FOR YOU TO CHANGE PARTS---! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AROUND HERE--
PAGE OIL COMPA
TAP TAP
....AND ANYTHING DOES!
IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE.
--AND YOURS, TOO!

WHO INVITED YOU IN HERE, PRETTY BOY?
I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU!
WISE GUY, EH--?
YOU---
SHOULDN'T STRAIN YOURSELF, YOU KNOW--
PARDON ME, SIR. I DIDN'T MEAN TO KICK YOU!
OUCH!
OH! I'M SO SORRY-- BUT ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN--
AFTER MASTERS LEAVES---
THAT WAS MY PARTNER, BRUCE! HE JUST WARNED ME THAT, IF I DIDN'T SELL OUT BY MIDNIGHT, MY LIFE'S IN DANGER!
DON'T WORRY, MR PAGE-- THAT KIND OF THING ONLY HAPPENS IN STORY BOOKS!
AS THEY TALK, TOM'S TRAITOROUS PARTNER HOLDS A WHISPERED CONFERENCE WITH CHUCK, HIS CHIEF STRONG ARM MAN---
WHEN THAT WISE GUY COMES OUT-- START A FIGHT WITH HIM! AND MAKE IT GOOD!
I GETCHA, BOSS! YOU AND THE BOYS'LL SNATCH OLD GRANDPOP WHILE ITS GOING ON. SMART STUFF, CHIEF--

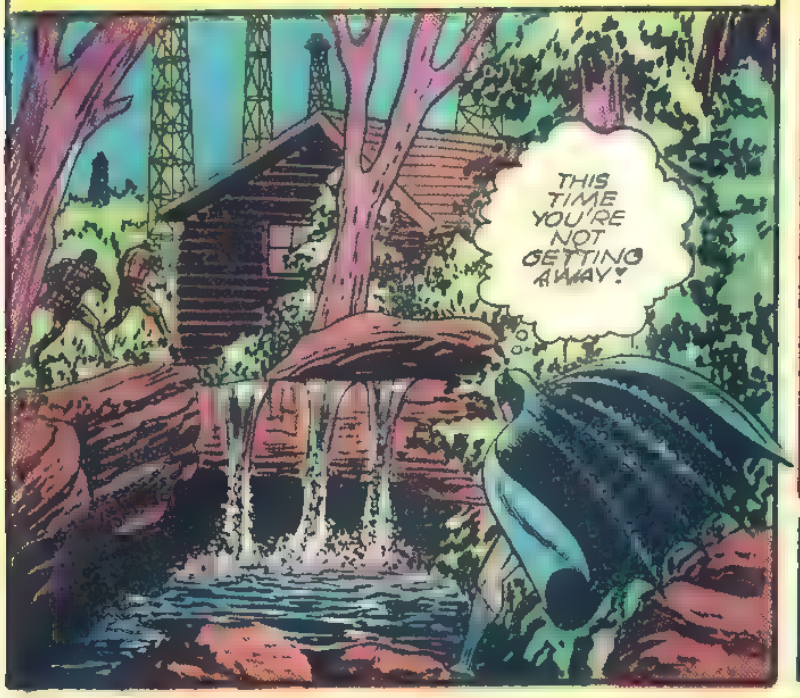
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRUCE, DRESSED IN A SPOTLESS, WHITE SUIT, GOES OUTSIDE TO LOOK THINGS OVER -
WELL-- SO THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE IS WAITING
LOOKS LIKE CHUCK AND HIS GANG ARE GETTING READY FOR SOME DIRTY WORK
IF HE STARTS ANY-THING, WE'LL CLEAN THEM ALL UP-- THOSE TROUBLE-MAKERS DESERVE A GOOD BEATING!
AS BRUCE WALKS FORWARD--A NO-MAN'S LAND IS FORMED BETWEEN THE TWO SIDES-
WELL-- HERE'S MY CHANCE TO MIX WITH REAL SOCIETY--
YOU ARE-- BUT NOT IN THE WAY YOU THINK-
WHEN CHUCK GIVES US THE EYE, START SWINGING!
I GOT SOME BRASS KNUCKLES THAT NEED BREAKING IN!
GEE-- AIN'T THAT A SWEET, LITTLE, WHITE SUIT HE'S WEARING--! HAW! HAW!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE- MUCH RATHER YOU KEPT IT COVERED!
OOF!
PLEASE, KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!
5

CHUCK IS MADE TO LOOK RIDICULOUS BEFORE HIS OWN MEN—
DON'T TAKE IT LYING DOWN, CHUCK. HAW HAW--!
BRUCE'S STRATEGEM WORKS--CHUCK, INFURIATED, WADES INTO HIS OWN MEN!
LAUGH AT ME, WILL YA--!
WELL, THEY'RE DOING OUR JOB FOR US VERY NICELY!
CERTAINLY SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE. LET'S GET BACK TO WORK.
BUT AS BRUCE TEACHES CHUCK SOME MANNERS, GRAHAM MASTERS SNEAKS INTO TOM PAGE'S OFFICE— THIS TIME HE BRINGS A BODYGUARD OF FOUR, ARMED HENCHMEN—
YOU WON'T GET ME--EVEN WITH YOUR GORILLAS, MAS--
MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU THINGS HAPPEN MY OWN WAY NOW! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS— TIE HIM UP ON TOP OF OLD NUMBER 8 DERRICK IN THE IRON JUNGLE, AND KEEP HIM THERE TILL HE SELLS--AND IF HE DOESN'T—
NOTE: THE IRON JUNGLE IS THE LOCAL NAME GIVEN TO A FOREST OF LONG-ABANDONED OIL DERRICKS.
HE'S SHOT— BOSS!
THE IRON JUNGLE! HE'S NOT HURT BAD. GET HIM OUT OF THE BACK DOOR AND HURRY IT UP.
BUT OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING, AND BRUCE SLIPS AWAY TO THE OLD BUNK-HOUSE WHERE HE HAD AGREED TO MEET DICK—
COME ON, ROBIN-- INTO YOUR WORK CLOTHES!
—I'VE A HUNCH THERE ARE GOING TO BE BIG DOINGS TONIGHT!
MEANWHILE, A YELLOW ROADSTER PULLS UP— AT THE VERY MOMENT MASTERS SNEAKS OUT OF THE OFFICE, LINDA PAGE HAS ARRIVED EARLIER THAN SHE PLANNED.
CHUCK— C'MERE— QUICK--LOOK WHO'S HERE? PAGE'S DAUGHTER—
GET OFF MY CAR AT ONCE!

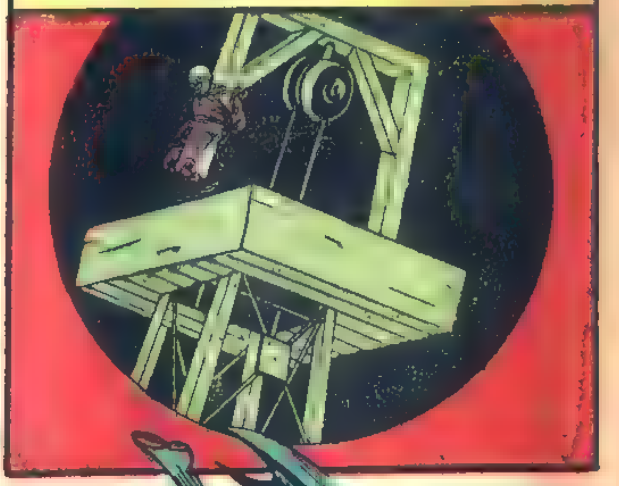

GEE, BOSS! SHE'S WORSE THAN A BUCKING BRONCO!
WE'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY SEE US!
BUT AS THEY MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE--TWO MASKED FIGURES SHOOT FROM THE DOOR OF THE OLD BUNKHOUSE!
I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ONE OF THESE BEFORE!
THERE'S NO TIME LIKE NOW TO BEGIN! LINDA'S IN THAT CAR AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT!
PAGE
SHE'S OUT-- WHAT WE GONNA DO WIT'DE DAME?
THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT HER OLD MAN DOES. WE'LL TURN AROUND AT THE LEON BEND AND MAKE FOR THE IRON JUNGLE BY THE OLD ROAD!
IN HOT PURSUIT THE HEAVY OIL TRUCK THUNDERS DOWN THE ROAD!
THE BATMAN! BUT WHERE -- HOW??
UGGH!

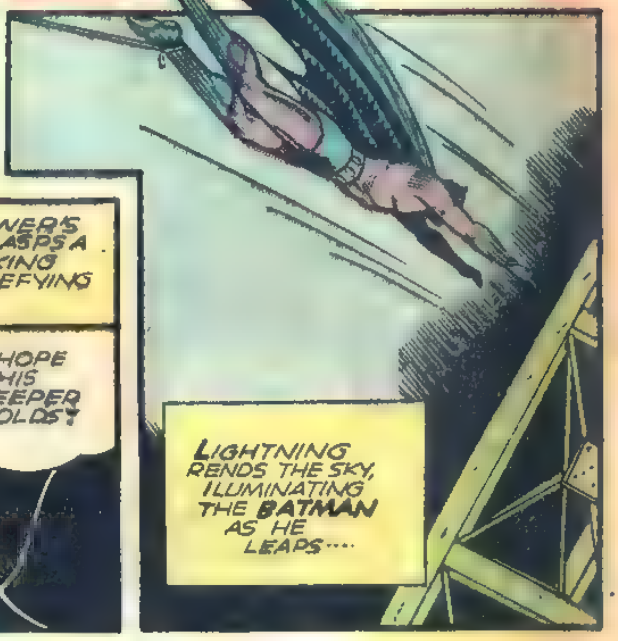
LIKE A BAT ON A SURF BOARD -- THE BATMAN RIDES THE SPEEDING CAR'S MOMENTUM-
USING HIS SPRINGBOARD TAKE-OFF - HE LEAPS WITH LINDA'S LIMP BODY UNDER ONE ARM...
NOW IF ONLY I CAN CATCH HOLD -
WHEW! MADE IT - DUCK LOW AND STEP ON IT, ROBIN!
CHUCK MAKES A SHARP TURN AS MASTERS LOOSES A HAIL OF BULLETS -- AND AS EACH ONE RIPS INTO THE OIL TANK -- FLAMES STAB OUT OF THE BULLET HOLES INTO THE DARKNESS!
THIS'LL FINISH YOU! BURN! HA HA YOU'LL BURN TO DEATH! HA HA
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DONE FOR, BOSS! THEY'LL BLOW TO PIECES!
WE'LL JET TO THE IRON JUNGLE THROUGH THE SWAMP- AND THAT OLD GUY'S GOING TO SIGN OVER THEM OIL WELLS MIGHTY PRONTO!
AS MASTERS AND CHUCK SPEED BACK TO THE PAGE OIL COMPANY, ROBIN SWINGS HIS BLAZING TRUCK AROUND -- AND GIVES CHASE LIKE A FIERY COMET ON THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE! ANY MOMENT THEY FEAR THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION WHICH IS BOUND TO COME.
WE'VE BEEN IN TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE BUT WE'VE NEVER RACED AGAINST FIRE AND DEATH BOTH AT THE SAME MOMENT!
INTO THE LAST LAP SPEEDS THE TRUCK... A MONSTER BON FIRE LASHING OUT WITH SCARLET OIL FOR WHIPS! AS IT SCREECHES TO A HALT ROBIN AND THE BATMAN, LINDA UNDER THE LATTER'S ARM, LEAP - AND NONE TOO SOON -
BOOM
WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE - TAKE CARE OF LINDA - I'M GOING AFTER CHUCK AND MASTERS!

With panther-like movement, the **BATMAN** trails his quarry into the dense semi-tropical undergrowth that swarms all over the iron jungle!

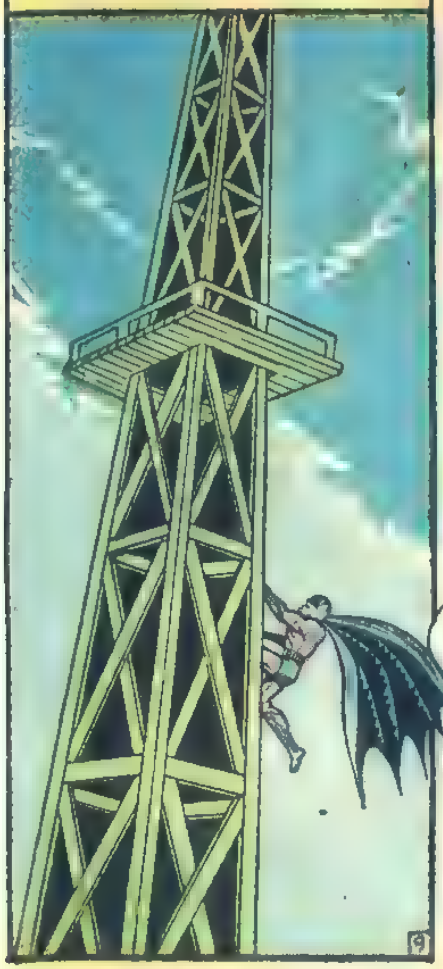


The **BATMAN** scouts thru the thickets. In the glare of the coming storm's first flash of lightning, he sees Tom Page lashed to the topmost girder of a deserted derrick!

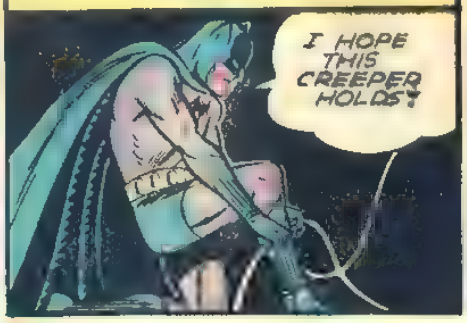




Instantly, the **BATMAN** scales the very next derrick. Lightning flares weirdly on the uncanny scene---



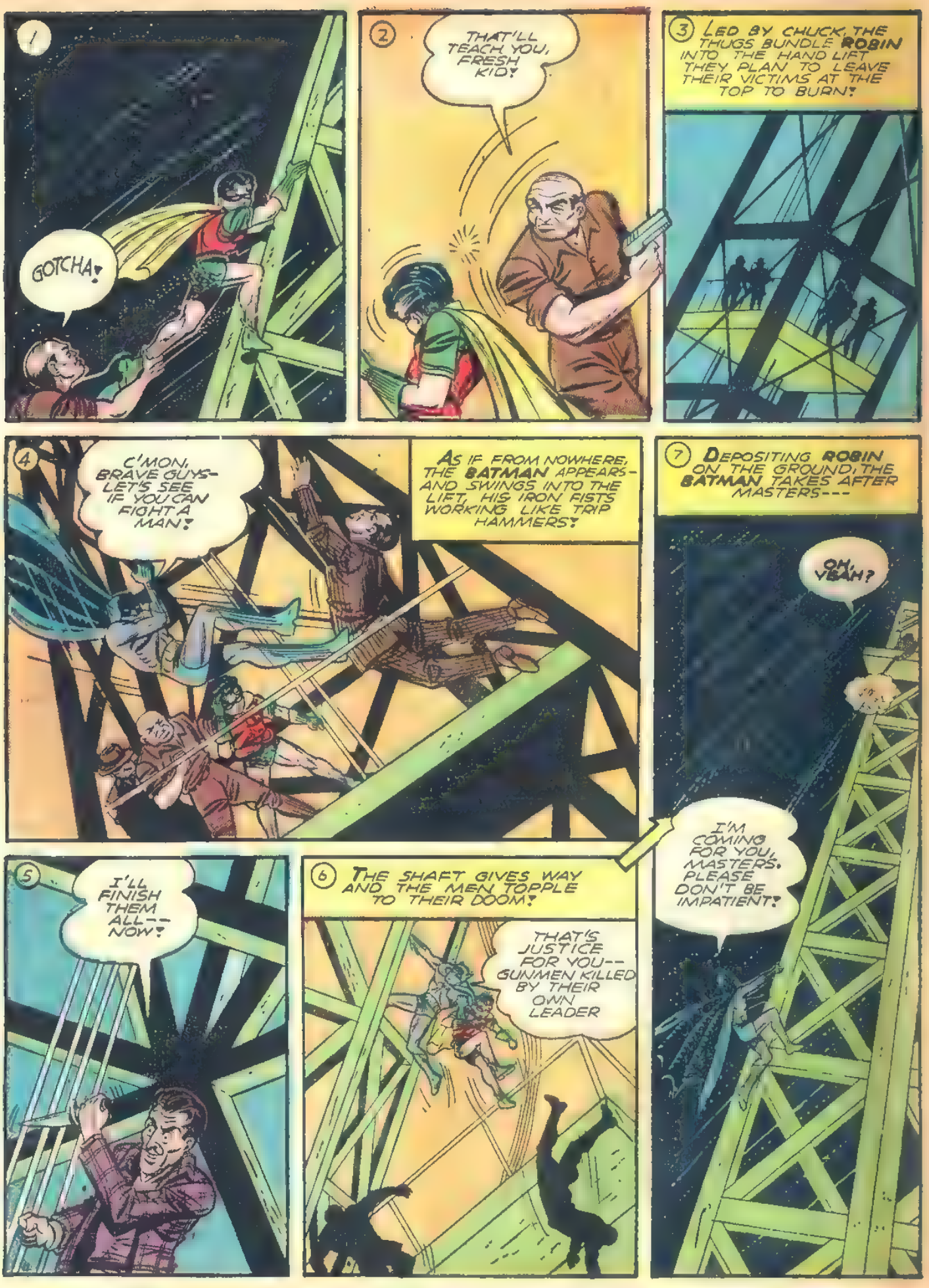
Reaching the tower's top, the **BATMAN** grasps a giant creeper--making ready for a death-defying glide!



The gunmen's weapons hurl sudden death!

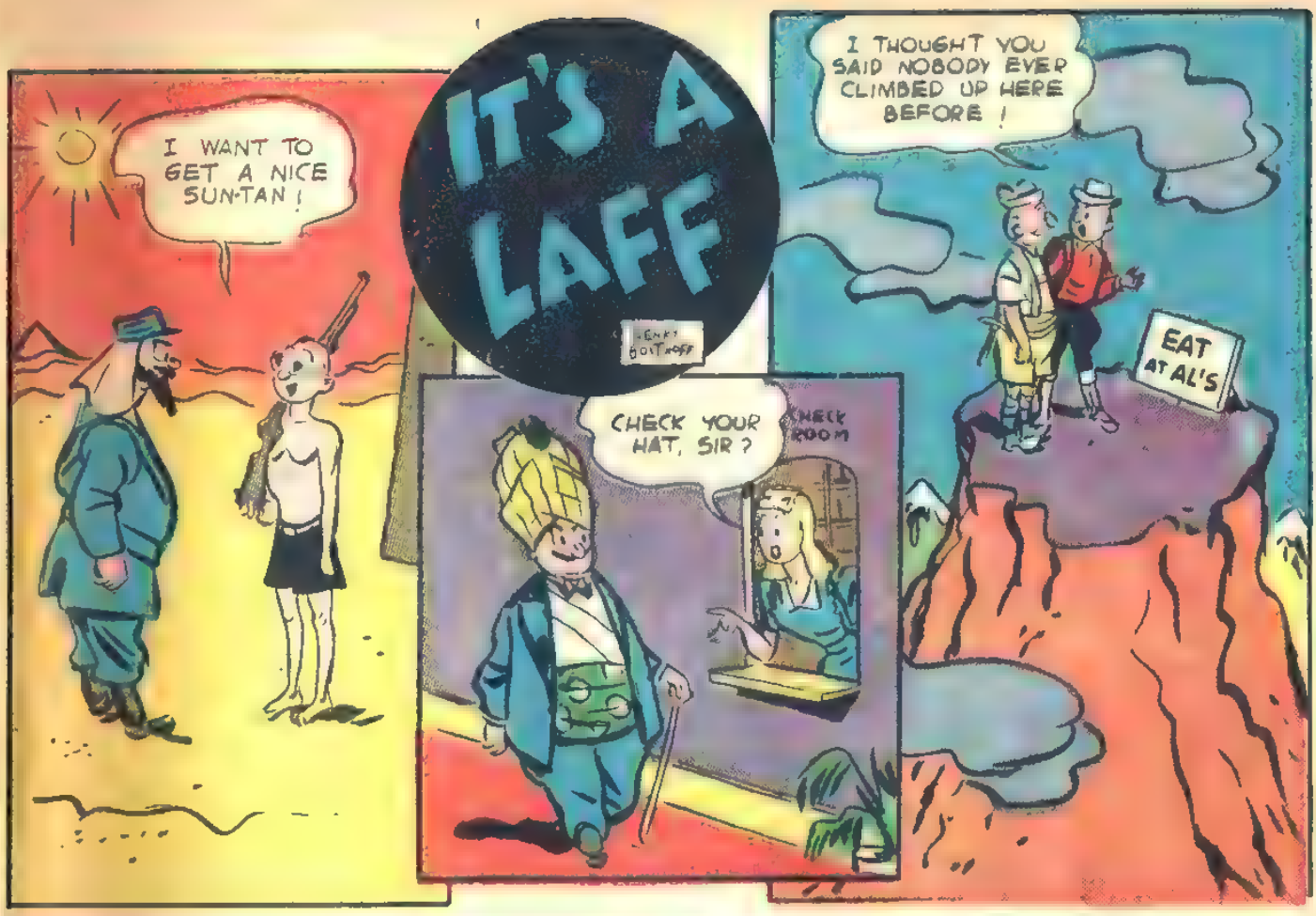
The stream of bullets sever the creeper-- the **BATMAN**'s sole link with the world!

THE THING'S FALLING APART!
...BUT THE MOMENTUM OF HIS LEAP CARRIES HIM TO THE OTHER DERRICK! DESPERATELY, HE CLINGS--
YOU'RE IN FER A DROP, BUDDY!
DON'T BE TOO SURE--
YOU NEED A LESSON, TOO--
--SEE WHAT I MEAN?
MEANWHILE, ROBIN SIGHTS THE BATMAN'S LONE STRUGGLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS--
LOOKS AS THOUGH BATMAN NEEDS ME--
WHA---? IT'S ONLY A KID!
--WITH A BIG PUNCH!


1
GOTCHA!
2
THAT'LL TEACH YOU, FRESH KID!
3 LED BY CHUCK, THE THUGS BUNDLE ROBIN INTO THE HAND LIFT THEY PLAN TO LEAVE THEIR VICTIMS AT THE TOP TO BURN!
4
C'MON, BRAVE GUYS- LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN FIGHT A MAN!
AS IF FROM NOWHERE, THE BATMAN APPEARS- AND SWINGS INTO THE LIFT, HIS IRON FISTS WORKING LIKE TRIP HAMMERS!
5
I'LL FINISH THEM ALL-- NOW!
6 THE SHAFT GIVES WAY AND THE MEN TOPPLE TO THEIR DOOM!
THAT'S JUSTICE FOR YOU-- GUNMEN KILLED BY THEIR OWN LEADER
7 DEPOSITING ROBIN ON THE GROUND, THE BATMAN TAKES AFTER MASTERS---
OH, YEAH?
I'M COMING FOR YOU, MASTERS. PLEASE DON'T BE IMPATIENT!

HIGH ON THE CRUMBLING DERRICK, THEY LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE---
1
GET HIM, BATMAN!
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT WITHOUT A GUN!
JUST AS THE BATMAN FREES OLD TOM FROM HIS BONDS- THE OLD DERRICK CRUMBLES EARTHWARD!
HELP!
STRAIGHTEN YOUR BODY, MR. PAGE!
2
3
ONLY THE SPONGEY AND INNUMERABLE LAKES OF OIL SAVE THEM-- ABSORBING THE FALL!
WHEW-THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! MASTERS MUST BE TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OIL WELL NUMBER THREE--THEY'LL BE BLASTING IN FIVE MINUTES-- AND IT MAY BE THE GUSHER!
4
THEY'VE KILLED JOE! ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND THE RAIN WILL RUIN THE NITRO CHARGE! THE MEN ARE AFRAID!
I'LL DO THE JOB!
5
I'LL GET THAT BATMAN AND OLD PAGE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
6
NOW...!
SUDDENLY--
NOT SO FAST, RAT--
MASTERS FREES HIS GUN-ARM TO TAKE A SHOT AT ROBIN, BUT IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, HIS ARM IS FORCED BACK-
12

1
...THE GUN FLAMES-
THE BATMAN IS CERTAINLY RIGHT-- CRIME DOES NOT PAY--
2
MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN PUSHES THE PLUNGER-- THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW THE EARTH THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION--AS THE OIL IS UN-LEASHED BY THE NITRO'S POWERFUL KICK-
HEADS UP--HERE SHE GOES-
3
MY WORK'S DONE-YOU FINISH THE REST. GOODBYE!
WAIT A MOMENT-YOU SAVED MY LIFE-AND I WANT TO THANK YOU!
4
LOOK AT THAT DARN GUSHER--GOING TO BRING MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF OIL--WHEE-- HARRAH!
THE OIL COMPANY'S SAFE AT LAST-
5
WHY, HELLO, LINDA-- WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? I HEARD A LOT OF NOISE AND WONDERED WHAT WAS HAPPENING--
I'M SORRY IT SPOILED YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP.
6
CAN I GIVE YOU A RIDE BACK?
THANKS A LOT-BUT THERE COULDN'T BE ANY EXCITEMENT DRIVING WITH YOU. WEREN'T YOU MAN ENOUGH TO HELP DAD? I'D LIKE YOU A LITTLE BETTER IF YOU TOOK A LEAF OUT OF BATMAN'S BOOK!
7
BRUCE AND DICK HEAD FOR HOME--
POOR LINDA-- SHE'LL NEVER KNOW! SOMETIMES I KIND OF WISH SHE COULD KNOW
AW GEE! THE BATMAN'S JOB IS TO HUNT CRIMINALS!
BOB KANE


IT'S A LAFF
I WANT TO GET A NICE SUN-TAN!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID NOBODY EVER CLIMBED UP HERE BEFORE!
EAT AT AL'S
CHECK YOUR HAT, SIR?
CHECK ROOM

BOYS AND GIRLS! IF YOU LIKE

MUTT & JEFF

by BUD FISHER

HERE IS A SMALL REPRODUCTION OF THE COVER!!

HERE'S A WHOLE BOOK FULL OF IT!!

ALSO CONTAINS MANY PAGES OF CICERO'S CAT!

64 PAGES

ALL IN COLOR

Only 10¢

NOTE! FOUR TO SIX PAGES OF MUTT & JEFF AND CICERO'S CAT IN EVERY ISSUE OF ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

THE RUSTLER

BY GARDNER FOX

CORK ALLEN eased his big roan stallion along the twisting trail at a steady gallop. He had seen the yearling longhorn break from the clump of sage up ahead and take to its heels, but he would catch it shortly. Cork Allen smiled thinly when he thought how he was fooling the ranchers all around him.

All his neighbors thought Cork Allen was a fine, upstanding citizen of the state of Arizona. It was Cork's famous branding iron with the circle about his initials CA that was known as the mark of a big rancher. And to think he—Cork Allen was a cattle rustler!

Cork's lips twisted in a slight grin. He was a smart man. Nobody ever caught him running cattle. They could never quite catch up to him. And he was smart, spending money to fight rustlers. He more than made that up by rustling cattle all over this southern range!

No, they would never catch Cork Allen! He had taken elaborate precautions against that! Hadn't he hired "Draw" O'Dea to be sheriff of the little town of Big Horn, around which all the big ranches were clustered like spokes about the hub of a wheel? "Draw" was a smart sheriff. Folks were grateful to Cork Allen for bringing him up from the Panhandle. But he, Cork Allen, was even smarter than "Draw". He had nothing to fear!

His stallion ate up the dusty ground with long strides. Cork unflipped his lariat from the pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle and snaked out its long coil. A quick flash of his wrist and the forty-foot rope slid out over the head of the running yearling. The lariat tightened, and the yearling went down.

Quickly, with years of long practice, Cork hobbled the young longhorn and started a fire. He unstrapped his branding-iron from its saddle-rest and thrust the initialed end into the flames. While it heated, Cork rolled a cigarette from the makings in his shirt pocket.

He had to give himself credit. He only went after the young steers, that weren't branded yet. In this great unfenced range there were many young ones wandering. And in the fall roundup, they found a lot of yearlings with the circled CA on their flanks. He was smart, all right. Nobody would ever think Cork Allen was a rustler!

Cork bent over the fire and lifted the branding-iron. He studied the glowing edge, heated red-hot. There would be an acrid smell as it bit into the yearlings satiny flank, but that smell was sweet to Allen: it meant more money!

A shadow fell across the fire. Cork stiffened, and glanced up. "Draw" O'Dea was sitting his pinto right in front of him!

Cork forced his thin lips to smile. He waved a hand.

"'Lo, Draw. Come down and set a while. I was—just practicing a little—roping."

"Draw" swung from his saddle. His thin face was grim. His cold blue eyes gleamed dangerously.

"With a brandin' iron all ready to plunk in its side?"

Cork attempted a laugh. His spine tingled. He knew now that "Draw" was wise to him. He dropped the iron to the ground, where its red initials looked up like hot eyes.

"Meanin'?" asked Cork slow-

ly, his arms dangling loosely at his sides, his fingertips just brushing the gun-butts.

"Draw" studied the fire, the bound yearling and the branding iron. His eyes stared straight into Cork's.

"I was lookin' over the books of the diff'runt ranchers 'round these parts, Allen. They show a steady decrease of yearlings. The big steers were let alone. Only the yearlings were missin'. That meant somethin' to me. Meant that somebody was rustlin' yearlin's! Reckon I know who it was—now!"

Cork grinned, but did not relax his vigilance.

"So you got a posse on my trail, eh? Smart guy, knowing it was me!"

"Draw" shook his head, saying, "I didn't know 'til just now. I wanted to speak to you 'bout some things that needed your 'tention. I saw you out here and followed you. I saw you rope the yearlin'. I watched, then rode up."

"You're the only one that knows 'bout this, then?" asked Cork, leaning forward slightly.

"Draw" whitened. His body slouched warningly. His hands, like Cork's brushed against his worn gunbutts.

"I'm the only one," he agreed quietly.

"If an accident was to happen to you, Draw, nobody'd be the wiser!" chuckled Cork. Then grimly, "Flash 'em!"

Two guns leaped from their holsters, glimmering in the sun. Two thundering reports roared across the range.

Cork Allen staggered slightly. His left shoulder went suddenly numb. Through the blue smoke he peered forward at "Draw" O'Dea who was sliding to his knees in the dust, one hand outstretched.

Cork blew the smoke from his gun-barrel. His nose suddenly wrinkled. What was that he smelled? He looked around, and shrugged. Couldn't be anything much, he reckoned.

He stooped and picked up his branding iron. He freed the yearling without branding it. Cork was vaguely worried. There was something wrong. That odor—

He swung up into the saddle and looked down at the inert O'Dea. No one would ever know Cork Allen had killed him. Leave him here. Somebody would find him. The citizens would come to Cork and ask for another sheriff.

Cork grinned. Maybe he'd try his hand at being sheriff himself. It would give him more time for branding yearlings. . . .

Cork stiffened in his saddle and cursed swiftly. That smell. Now he had it! It was strangely similar to the acrid smell of a yearling's branded flank. But—but what could have been branded around that little campfire? Not the yearling.

Cork remembered, "Draw"'s outflung hand as he fell to the earth. That hand and gesture had struck Cork as a little peculiar at the time. He whirled his roan around and raced back toward the fire.

Leaning from the saddle, Cork stared at the sheriff's exposed right hand. His thin lips smiled sardonically. He had thought himself smart, but O'Dea had tricked him, even as he was dying! O'Dea had flung himself out, and reached out his hand and touched Cork Allen's red-hot branding iron. There was no mistaking that famous brand!

On the back of "Draw" O'Dea's outstretched hand was the imprint of a circled C.A.!

DIFFERENT? SURE!

THAT'S WHY
STARMAN
IS GOING OVER
WITH SUCH A BANG
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
Adventure
COMICS
ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Is EPILEPSY Inherited?
WHAT CAUSES IT?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader interested in the subject. Please use the coupon below.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, Dept. SQ-6
535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of charge booklet entitled "Can Epilepsy Be Cured?"

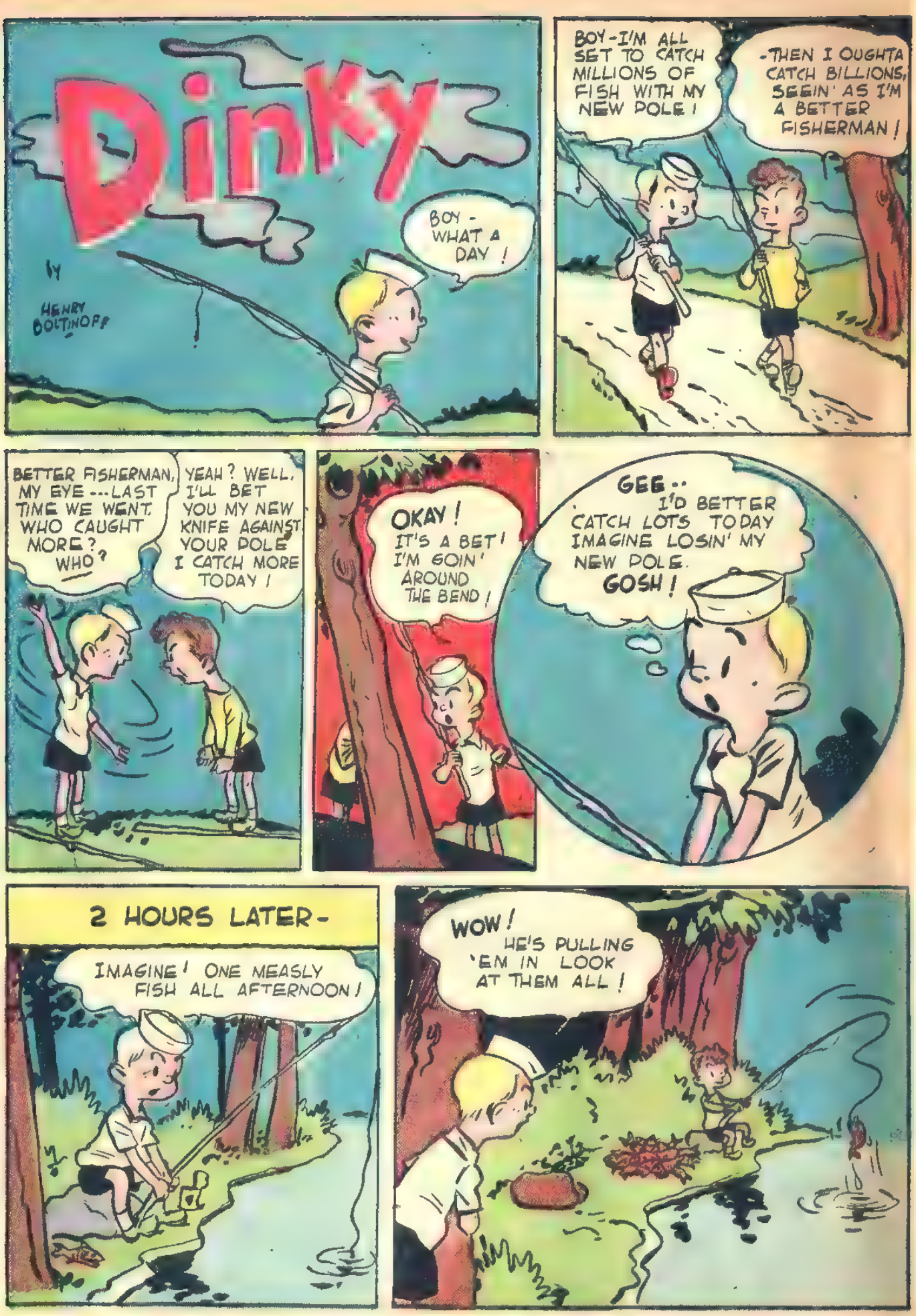
NAME .....
Please Print

ADDRESS .....

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

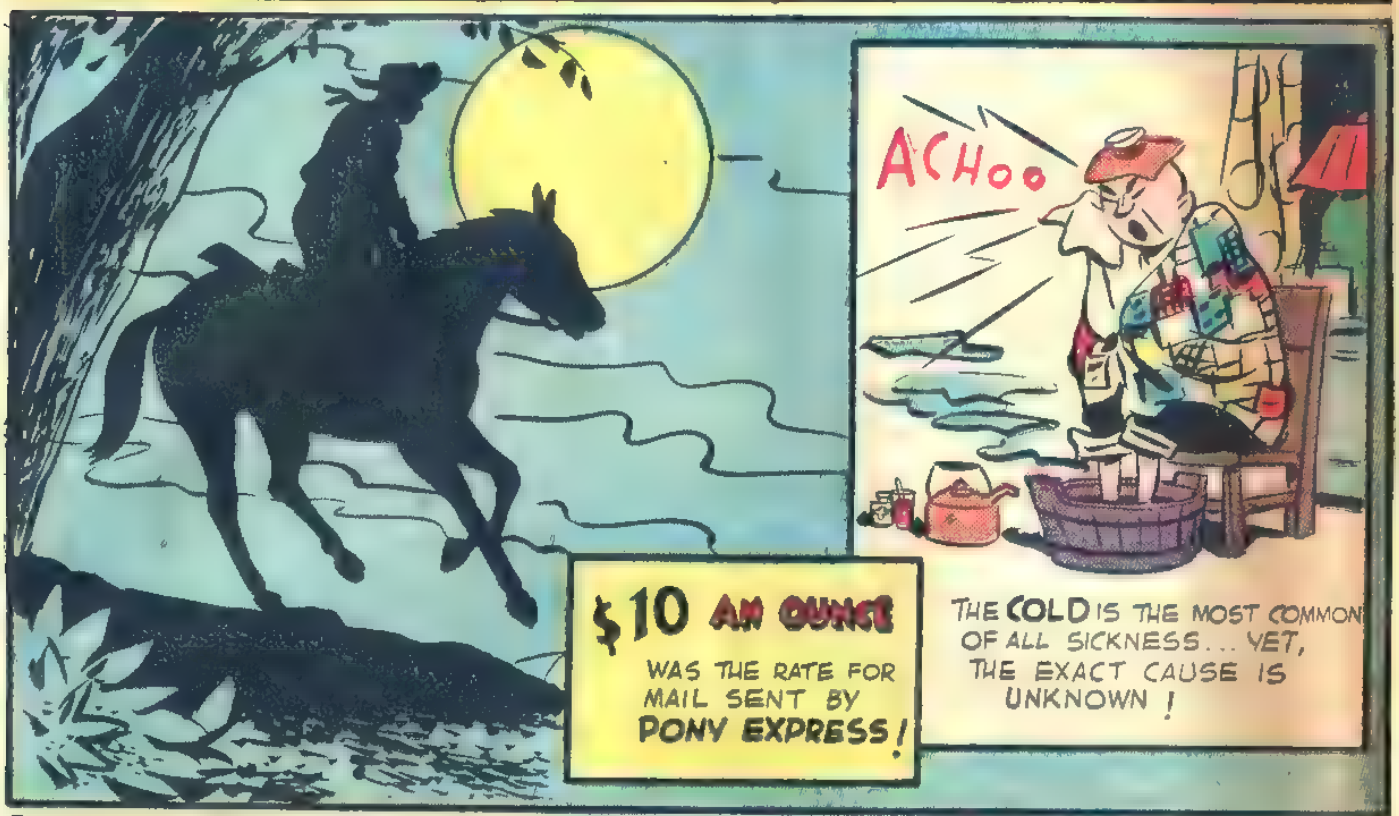
Frontier Asthma Co. 136-H Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

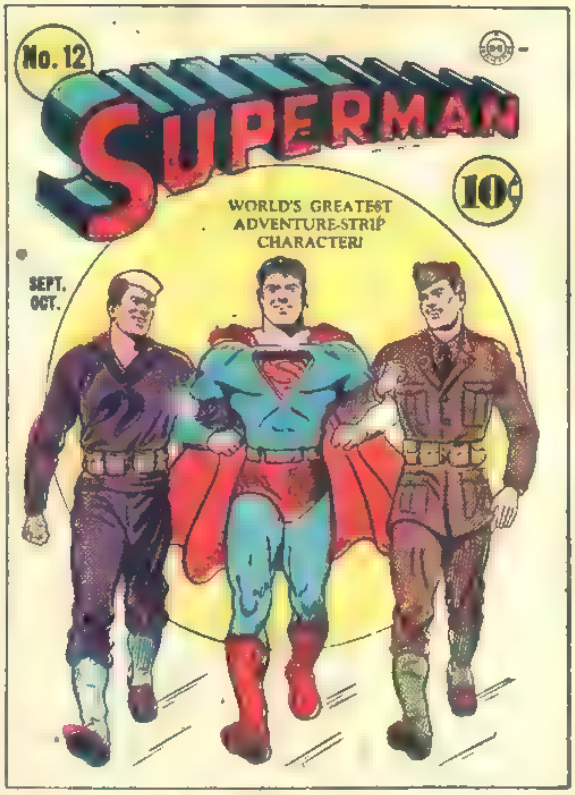

Dinky
BY HENRY BOLTINOFF
BOY - WHAT A DAY !
BOY - I'M ALL SET TO CATCH MILLIONS OF FISH WITH MY NEW POLE !
- THEN I OUGHTA CATCH BILLIONS, SEEIN' AS I'M A BETTER FISHERMAN !
BETTER FISHERMAN, MY EYE --- LAST TIME WE WENT WHO CAUGHT MORE ? WHO ?
YEAH ? WELL, I'LL BET YOU MY NEW KNIFE AGAINST YOUR POLE I CATCH MORE TODAY !
OKAY ! IT'S A BET ! I'M GOIN' AROUND THE BEND !
GEE .. I'D BETTER CATCH LOTS TODAY IMAGINE LOSIN' MY NEW POLE. GOSH !
2 HOURS LATER -
IMAGINE ! ONE MEASLY FISH ALL AFTERNOON !
WOW ! HE'S PULLING 'EM IN LOOK AT THEM ALL !

LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA LOSE MY NEW POLE! - C'MON, FISH, START BITING.
IDEA
I HOPE DAD STILL HAS THAT STUFF!
HEY, YOU - TOSS THOSE FISH BACK!
NO FISHING
?
Y-Y-YES, SIR!
NO FISHING
SPLASH
IT'S WORKIN' ALL RIGHT!
WELL, HERE'S MY CATCH. IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT I GUESS THEY WEREN'T BITING TODAY, EH?
THANKS A LOT FOR THE KNIFE!

IT'S SO!

HENRY BOLTINOFF


ACHOO
$10 AN OUNCE
WAS THE RATE FOR MAIL SENT BY PONY EXPRESS!
THE COLD IS THE MOST COMMON OF ALL SICKNESS... YET, THE EXACT CAUSE IS UNKNOWN!



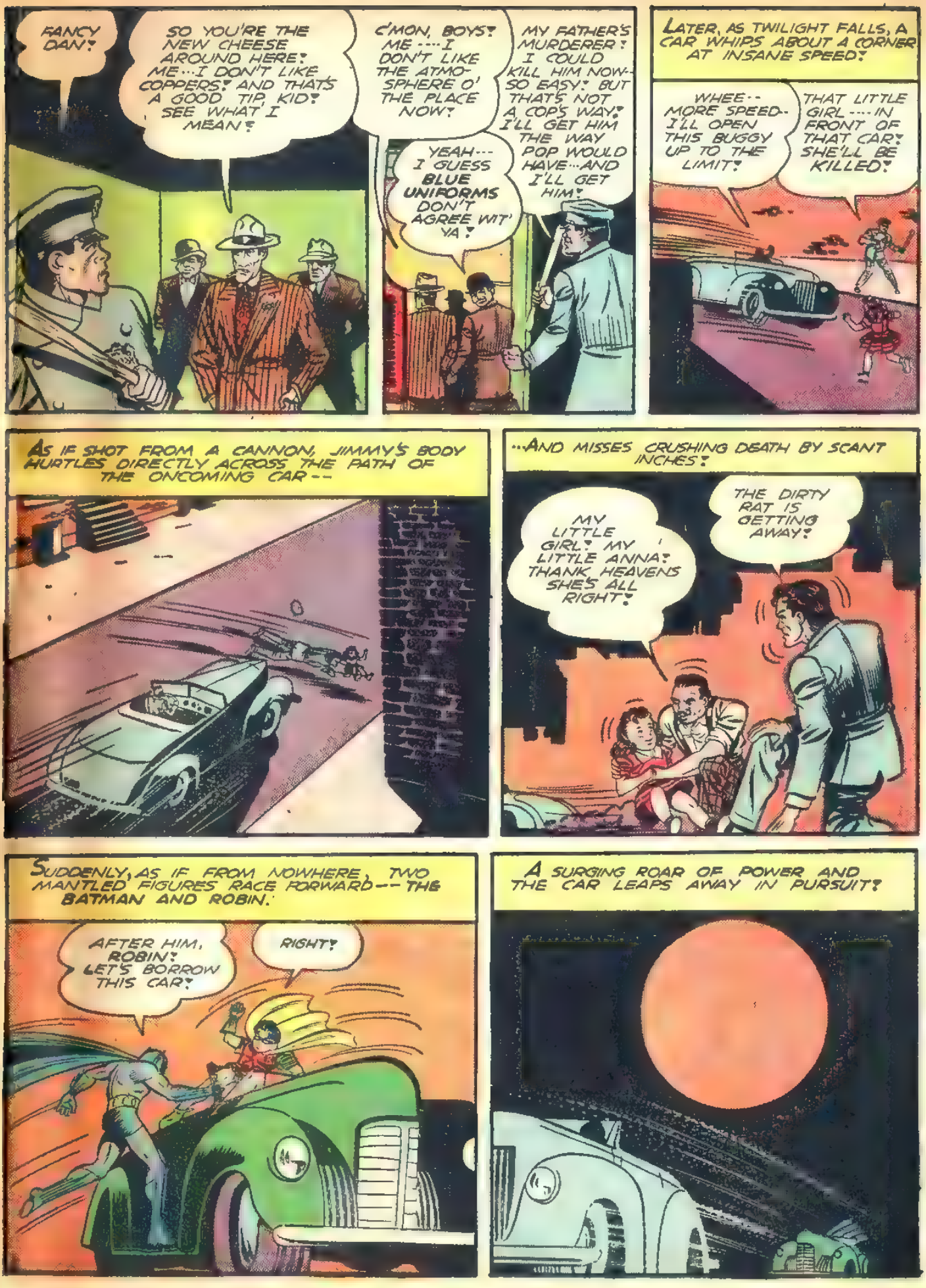
ON SALE JULY 2ND
DON'T MISS IT!

BAT MAN
WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG U. S. PAT OFF.
By BOB KANE
WHEN KILLERS MOCK THE LAW AND TAUNT THE BLUE-COATED PROTECTORS OF SOCIETY, THEN IT IS TIME FOR THE BATMAN TO MAKE HIS TIMELY ENTRANCE! WITH HIS LAUGHING YOUNG AIDE, ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, THIS MASTER CRIME-SMASHER PENETRATES THE HIDDEN LAIR OF THE DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD AND MEETS THEIR MEASURES WITH SWIFT ACTIONS OF HIS OWN! FOLLOW THE BATMAN NOW AS HE FARES FORTH ON ANOTHER MISSION---FERRETING OUT AND CRUSHING THE EVIL ON--- "SUICIDE BEAT!"
NIGHT SOUNDS!....A SHOT---A GROAN--- AND A LAUGH!
FANCY DAN SENDS HIS REGARDS, COPPER! HA--HA!
OH-H-H--

LATER---
IT'S GROGAN HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN CROWDING FANCY DAN! THEY DON'T LIVE LONG WHEN THEY DO THAT!
NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS "SUICIDE BEAT"! ANY COP THAT GETS THIS BEAT PRACTICALLY COMMITTS SUICIDE! FANCY DAN SEES TO THAT!
GROGAN IS THE THIRD COP TO BE POUND DEAD HERE! I PITY THE POOR GUY THAT GETS THIS BEAT NEXT!
SO DO I!
KELLY, YOU HEARD ABOUT GROGAN LAST NIGHT I WANT AN EXPERIENCED MAN TO TAKE OVER HIS BEAT I'M APPOINTING YOU
YES, SIR!
KELLY, YOU LOOK MIGHTY CHEERFUL FOR A MAN WHO HAS TO TAKE OVER SUICIDE BEAT!
WHY SHOULDN'T KELLY BE SMILING? DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT HIS SON, JIMMY, GETS HIS BADGE TODAY!
♪♪ T'IS THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN-
SURE.. AND WHAT MAN WOULDN'T BE PROUD OF A SON LIKE ME BOY, JIMMY! T'IS THE BLESSED DAY THAT HE BECOMES A ROOKIE POLICEMAN! TWO GENERATIONS OF KELLY POLICEMEN!
WELL, I HOPE HE'S A BETTER COP THAN HIS OLD MAN'
HA-HA!
QUIET--OR I'LL HAVE ME JIMMY LOCK THE BOTH OF YE UP IN A CELL!
MIDNIGHT---KELLY'S CHEERFUL WHISTLE IS HEARD ON GRIM SUICIDE BEAT!
♪♪ DID YER MOTHER ♪ COME FROM IRELAND SURE THERE'S-

HEY, COPPER!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU COPPERS TO STAY OUTTA FANCY DAN'S TERRITORY!!
MINUTES LATER--
EASY SON-- EASY!
DAD-- DAD--
WHO SHOT HIM? WHO KILLED MY FATHER?
PROBABLY ONE OF FANCY DAN'S BOYS!
WELL--WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T WE ARREST HIM!
TAKE IT EASY, JIMMY! EVEN IF WE DID ARREST FANCY DAN OR HIS MOBSTERS WE COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING! YOU SEE, SON---
FANCY DAN RUNS THIS NEIGHBORHOOD--HAS FOR A LONG TIME--WHENEVER WE DO PIN A LITTLE SOMETHING ON HIM, HE MANAGES TO WIGGLE OUT OF IT! HE'S GOT PROTECTION! THE ROTTEN POLITICAL BOSS OF THIS WARD IS HIS "SILENT" PARTNER!
AS SOON AS A POLICEMAN STARTS TO GET ANYTHING ON HIM, HE GETS SHOT! THAT'S WHY YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED--HE HAD A REPUTATION AS A GOOD COP FANCY DAN WAS AFRAID OF HIM!
INSPECTOR-- I WANT TO TAKE OVER SUICIDE BEAT!
WHAT'S THAT? SUICIDE BEAT--WHY I'D BE SENDING YOU TO YOUR DEATH!
I WANT SUICIDE BEAT-- FANCY DAN KILLED MY FATHER. I'M GOING TO GET FANCY DAN---I'M GOING TO GET HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

THE NEXT MORNING --- BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, SITS IN THE OFFICES OF HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON---
I KNOW I GAVE THE ROOKIE A TOUGH BEAT, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'LL PIN SOMETHING ON FANCY DAN!
IF HE DOESN'T, WE'LL BE PINNING SOMETHING ON HIM-- A WREATH!
AT LEAST, THE BOY WILL GET THE COOPERATION OF THE PEOPLE ON THOSE STREETS, WON'T HE?
A CROOKED POLITICIAN RUNS THAT STREET-- AND HE'S A SMART POLITICIAN. HE LENDS THE POOR PEOPLE MONEY, BUYS THEM FOOD ON CHRISTMAS--
FINDS MEN JOBS, ETC., AND ASKS IN RETURN THAT THEY VOTE FOR HIM AND PROTECT HIS JACKALS- NATURALLY, THE PEOPLE DO JUST AS HE SAYS-AND HATE COPS! JIMMY WON'T GET ANY HELP FROM THEM!
VERY INTERESTING! WELL-I-I'LL BE TODDLING ALONG NOW! SEE YOU IN JAIL, GORDON!
SEE YOU IN A NIGHT CLUB IS MORE LIKE IT- I THINK YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE THERE!
THAT AFTERNOON--ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF SUICIDE BEAT TURN OUT TO WATCH ROOKIE JIMMY KELLY. THOUGH GRIM AND SILENT. THEIR HATRED OF HIM IS LIKE LOUD THUNDER.
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING --
SQUASH!
PETE'S BAR
WHY, YOU LITTLE--
HAW-HAW!
A LITTLE KID RAN IN HERE. WHERE DID HE GO?
I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!
BUT YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HIM. HE RAN RIGHT IN HERE!
I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!
IF HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID, HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID ... COPPER!

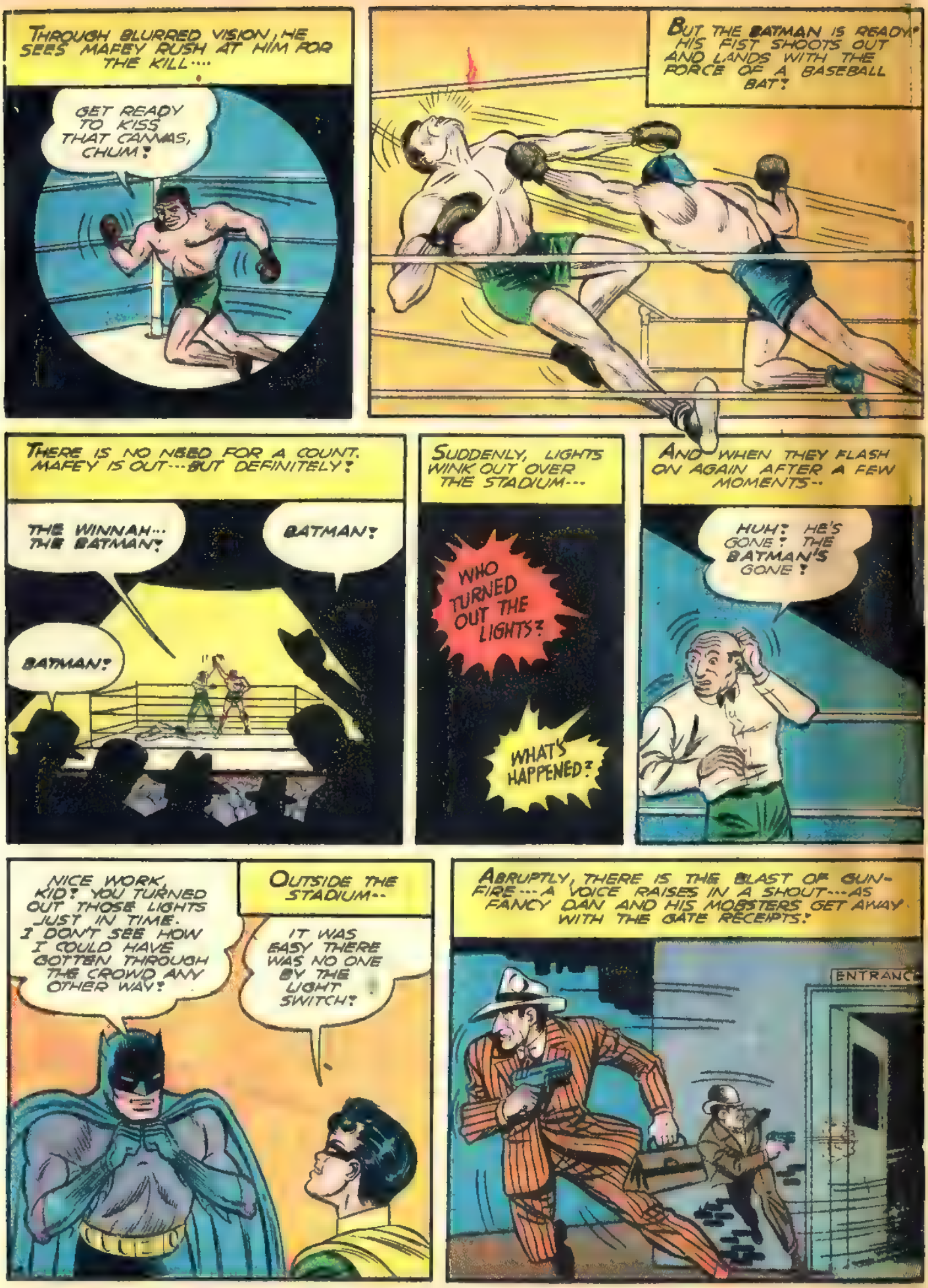

FANCY DAN!
SO YOU'RE THE NEW CHEESE AROUND HERE! ME...I DON'T LIKE COPPERS! AND THAT'S A GOOD TIP, KID! SEE WHAT I MEAN!
C'MON, BOYS! ME ---- I DON'T LIKE THE ATMO-SPHERE O' THE PLACE NOW!
YEAH--- I GUESS BLUE UNIFORMS DON'T AGREE WIT' YA!
MY FATHER'S MURDERER! I COULD KILL HIM NOW-- SO EASY! BUT THAT'S NOT A COP'S WAY! I'LL GET HIM THE WAY POP WOULD HAVE...AND I'LL GET HIM!
LATER, AS TWILIGHT FALLS, A CAR WHIPS ABOUT A CORNER AT INSANE SPEED!
WHEE-- MORE SPEED-- I'LL OPEN THIS BUGGY UP TO THE LIMIT!
THAT LITTLE GIRL ---- IN FRONT OF THAT CAR! SHE'LL BE KILLED!
AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON, JIMMY'S BODY HURTLES DIRECTLY ACROSS THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING CAR --
...AND MISSES CRUSHING DEATH BY SCANT INCHES!
MY LITTLE GIRL! MY LITTLE ANNA! THANK HEAVENS SHE'S ALL RIGHT!
THE DIRTY RAT IS GETTING AWAY!
SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE, TWO MANTLED FIGURES RACE FORWARD -- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN.
AFTER HIM, ROBIN! LET'S BORROW THIS CAR!
RIGHT!
A SURGING ROAR OF POWER AND THE CAR LEAPS AWAY IN PURSUIT!

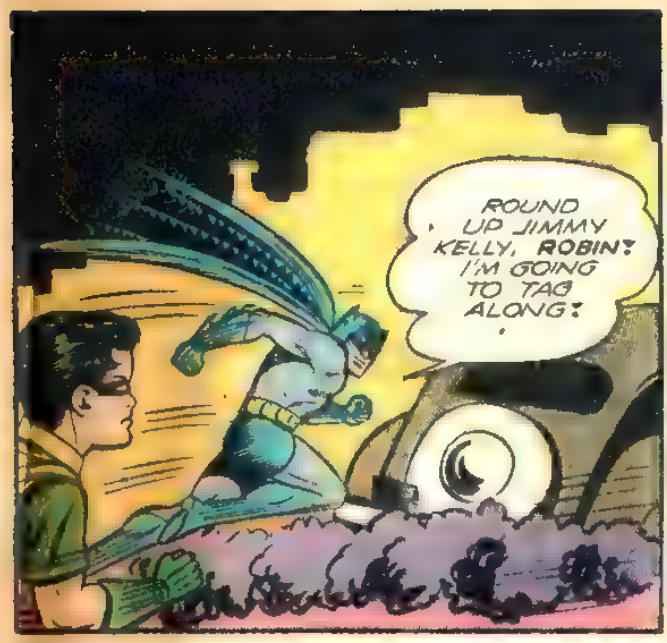
ON SCREAMING TIRES, THEY DRAW ABREAST OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S RACING CAR---
A GUN, TOO! THAT COMPLETES THE PICTURE!
I'LL PLUG YA FULLA HOLES!
A DARING LEAP---
WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMETHING TO PUT YOU ASLEEP---AND THIS IS IT!
MINUTES LATER---
HERE, TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT! ADIOS!
THE BATMAN! HOW?...
JIMMY DRAGS THE DRUNK TO JAIL,---BUT THE NEXT DAY, ALDERMAN SKIGG APPEARS---
AND, HENRY---I MEAN, JUDGE, YOU UNDERSTAND HOW THIS POOR, HAPPY MAN DECIDED TO CELEBRATE HIS FINDING A JOB AND IF HE TOOK---
HUH?
AND A LITTLE LATER---
SO YA GOT HIM OUT, EH, SKIGG?
DON'T I ALWAYS GET YOUR BOYS OUT?
NOW WHAT DO WE DO--PLUG THE COPPER?
NO! GET RID OF HIM, BUT NO SHOOTING--THREE DEAD COPS IN A ROW MIGHT BRING DOWN THE GOVERNOR!
SKIGG IS RIGHT! WE'LL JUST MUSS HIM UP ENOUGH SO THAT HE GOES TO THE HOSPITAL! ME---I GOT AN IDEA!

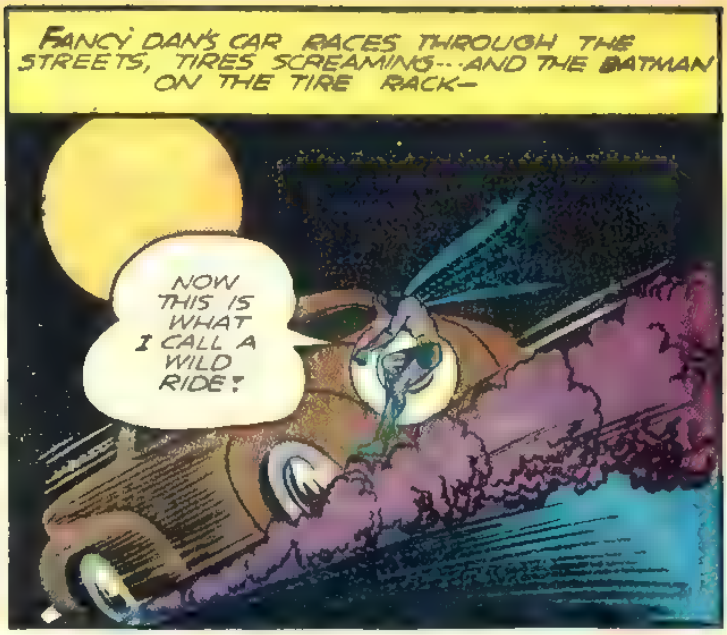
THAT VERY NIGHT---SUICIDE BEAT LIES CLOAKED IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS. SUDDENLY---THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE---
YA DOITY HEEL!
WHY, I'LL PULVERIZE YA!
A FIGHT!
BUT AS JIMMY TRIES TO SEPARATE THE TWO, THEY SUDDENLY TURN ON HIM.....AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAP MORE THUGS!
A TRAP!
SOCK THAT COPPER! LET'S GET HIM!
A FIGHT, ROBIN! SHALL WE INTRUDE?
THEN, SWINGING DOWN FROM FIRE ESCAPES COME TWO, LITHE FIGURES.....
-AND HOW!
NO PARKING
US
THE BATMAN'S FIST FLASHES OUT WITH THE DEADLINESS OF A STRIKING SNAKE!
MY..YOU MUST SEE YOUR DENTIST MORE OFTEN!
I'LL MOIDER YA!
TSK! TSK!
ASHES TO ASHES!
AND NOW, JIMMY HAS RECOVERED.....
NOW... THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

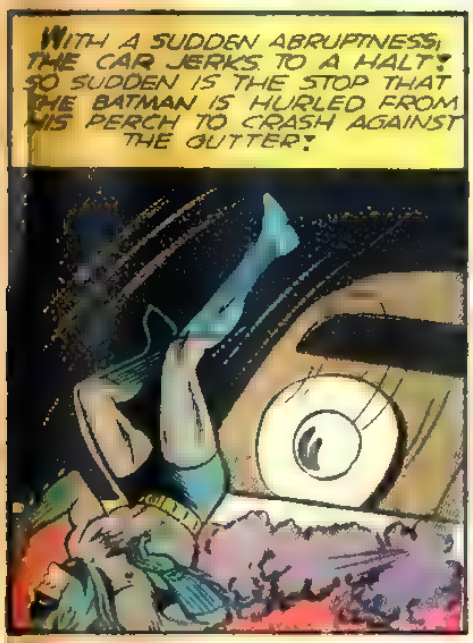
SUDDENLY, A CAR SHOOTS FROM BEHIND A CORNER---STOPS LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE HOODLUMS, AND THEN SPEEDS AWAY-----
NO USE TRYING TO GET THOSE RATS!
WELL--WHAT'S THIS? THEY MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS IN THE SCUFFLE!
"PUT 5 GRAND ON MAFEY. (SIGNED) SKIGG"! SAY, ISN'T MAFEY THE FIGHTER WHO BATTLES JORGAN, THE CHAMP, TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE MILK FUND FIGHT?
SURE--THAT'S THE FIGHT ALDERMAN SKIGG GOT UP TO GET MILK FOR THE KIDS IN HIS WARD. SO SKIGG IS BETTING ON MAFEY, THE CHALLENGER--
AND JORGAN IS THE CHAMP! IF I KNOW SKIGG, THAT CHEAP MISER WOULDN'T BET ON SOMETHING UNLESS HE WAS SURE OF IT!
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS FIGHT HAS BEEN FRAMED--IN FACT, I'M ALMOST SURE! I THINK I'M GOING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER ALDERMAN SKIGG!
THE NEXT NIGHT---ALDERMAN SKIGG ADDRESSES THE HUGE CROWD IN THE STADIUM....
AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARUMPH-- I'VE ARRANGED SO THAT THE PROCEEDS WILL BUY GOOD MILK FOR STARVING BABIES ---BLAH-- BLAH--
AND IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM, A SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE WALL...
WHA...? OH--H-H-H!
IN THE RING ---THE CHALLENGER, BIFF MAFEY, ACKNOWLEDGES THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD.
WHERE'S THE CHAMP? HE SHOULD BE HERE!
SUDDENLY---WALKING DOWN THE AISLE ----THE CHAMP'S TRAINER AND MANAGER WITH THE BATMAN....
THE CHAMP HAD AN ACCIDENT-- SO I'M TAKING HIS PLACE! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?
YEAH! YEAH, DATS RIGHT!
WHAT? YOU--THAT COWL--YOU'RE THE BATMAN!
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE HIS PLACE IT ISN'T...I MEAN--THE CROWD DON'T WANT A SUBSTITUTE!
HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? WANT ME TO FIGHT IN THE CHAMP'S PLACE?

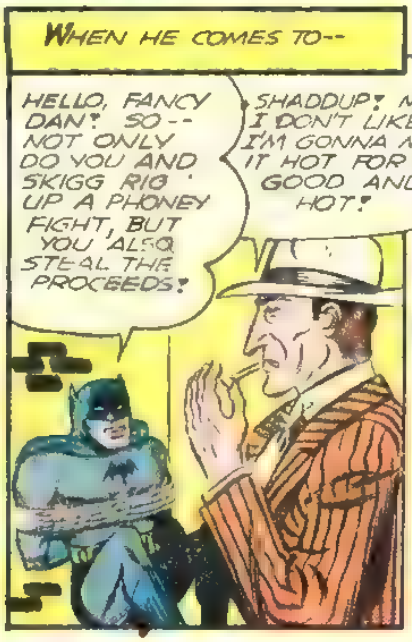
THE CROWD COMES TO A UNANIMOUS DECISION---
YES! WE WANT THE BATMAN!
WE WANT THE BATMAN!
THE BELL CLANGS FOR THE FIRST ROUND--- THE FIGHT IS ON-
THE BATMAN, EH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A PUNK!
STOP TALKING, AND FIGHT--
THE BATMAN EASILY SLIPS UNDER A ROUND-HOUSE RIGHT---
JUST A BIG BAG OF WIND!
I'LL--- WHOOSH!!
AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT!
ONE-- TWO--- TH---
I'LL FIX DAT GUY--
THE CHALLENGER RUBS HIS GLOVE INTO THE CANVAS THAT BEARS THE RESIN FROM THEIR SHOE SOLES---
AS HE RISES, HE SPEARS THE BATMAN IN THE FACE, RUBBING THE RESIN-DABBED GLOVE INTO THE BATMAN'S EYES---
FOR THE MOMENT, THE BATMAN'S EYES ARE BLINDED...HE FACES EASY PREY TO FISTS THAT SNEAK PAST HIS GUARD
HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM ONIONS, BATMAN?


THROUGH BLURRED VISION, HE SEES MAFEY RUSH AT HIM FOR THE KILL....
GET READY TO KISS THAT CANVAS, CHUM!
BUT THE BATMAN IS READY! HIS FIST SHOOTS OUT AND LANDS WITH THE FORCE OF A BASEBALL BAT!
THERE IS NO NEED FOR A COUNT. MAFEY IS OUT---BUT DEFINITELY!
THE WINNAH... THE BATMAN!
BATMAN!
BATMAN!
SUDDENLY, LIGHTS WINK OUT OVER THE STADIUM---
WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
AND WHEN THEY FLASH ON AGAIN AFTER A FEW MOMENTS--
HUH? HE'S GONE! THE BATMAN'S GONE!
NICE WORK, KID! YOU TURNED OUT THOSE LIGHTS JUST IN TIME. I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE CROWD ANY OTHER WAY!
OUTSIDE THE STADIUM--
IT WAS EASY THERE WAS NO ONE BY THE LIGHT SWITCH!
ABRUPTLY, THERE IS THE BLAST OF GUN-FIRE---A VOICE RAISES IN A SHOUT---AS FANCY DAN AND HIS MOBSTERS GET AWAY WITH THE GATE RECEIPTS!
ENTRANCE


ROUND UP JIMMY KELLY, ROBIN! I'M GOING TO TAG ALONG!


FANCY DAN'S CAR RACES THROUGH THE STREETS, TIRES SCREAMING---AND THE BATMAN ON THE TIRE RACK—
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A WILD RIDE!


WITH A SUDDEN ABRUPTNESS, THE CAR JERKS TO A HALT! SO SUDDEN IS THE STOP THAT THE BATMAN IS HURLED FROM HIS PERCH TO CRASH AGAINST THE GUTTER!


WHEN HE COMES TO--
HELLO, FANCY DAN! SO -- NOT ONLY DO YOU AND SKIGG RIG UP A PHONEY FIGHT, BUT YOU ALSO STEAL THE PROCEEDS!
SHADDUP! ME-- I DON'T LIKE YOU! I'M GONNA MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU - GOOD AND HOT!

GASOLINE! YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ME!
ME--- I NEVER KID! SO LONG, WISE GUY!

THE LIGHTED MATCH HITS THE GASOLINE-IMPREGNATED FLOOR! THERE IS A SUDDEN WHOOSH--AND THE ROOM IS TRANSFORMED INTO A ROARING INFERNO!
I'M IN A SPOT!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT ...
HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED FANCY DAN TO HIS HIDEOUT!
I--I CAN TELL YOU WHERE IT IS!
BUT WHERE!

YOU SAVED MY LITTLE GIRL ANNA'S LIFE! THE LEAST I CAN DO IS REPAY YOU THIS WAY! I SAW FANCY DAN AND HIS MOB TAKE THE BATMAN INTO NO 14 ON THE NEXT STREET!
SOMEONE ON SUICIDE BEAT HELPING A COP-- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THAT ROOKIE COPPER! PLUG 'EM!
THERE HE IS!
DROP THOSE GUNS!
DROP IT! YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!
AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS, A CROWD GATHERS AROUND THE GROUP---
LOOK! THE BUILDINGS ON FIRE!
THE BATMAN-HE MUST BE INSIDE-I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM!
MY BABY!! SHE'S IN THERE, TOO!
LOOK! THE BATMAN!
AND HE'S GOT MY BABY!
HE'S TRAPPED! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM! SOMEBODY HOLD THIS ROBIN KID BACK. THIS IS MY JOB!
EVEN AS JIMMY DARTS FORWARD INTO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR, THE ANCIENT, FLIMSY DWELLING GOES UP IN FLAMES---
FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH YELLOW, LEAPING TENDRILS HE GAINS THE ROOF WHICH HAS NOT YET CAUGHT FIRE!
CAN YOU JUMP IT?
NO--CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE WITH THE KID IN MY ARMS! THIS ROOF WILL CAVE IN ANY MOMENT---ONLY ONE THING TO DO! GET READY--
CATCH!
A DESPERATE CAST FOR LIFE!

WHEW! GOT HER!
AT THAT INSTANT, FIREMEN ARRIVE ---SPREAD A WIDE NET--AND JIMMY LEAPS TO SAFETY WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN---
AND JUST AS THE BUILDING CRASHES INWARD, THE BATMAN MAKES HIS LEAP THROUGH SPACE TO THAT NET THAT SEEMS SO SMALL BELOW!
JUST IN TIME!
IT'S YOU, SKIGG! WELL—JUST IN TIME FOR ME TO TAKE YOU IN!
WHA-- WHAT IS THAT?
MY BABY!
IT'S JUST THAT YOU NOT ONLY RIGGED UP A PHONEY CHARITY FIGHT, BUT YOU ALSO FIXED IT SO FANCY DAN WOULD STEAL THE GATE RECEIPTS!
--AND THOSE GATE RECEIPTS WOULD HAVE BOUGHT MILK FOR THE KIDS OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
WELL, JIMMY, I GUESS YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE ON SUICIDE BEAT!
YES, AND IF I KNOW MY CROOKS, FANCY DAN AND HIS MEN WILL TALK PLENTY DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS--THANKS TO YOU!
LATER--
BUT HOW DID YOU GET FREE?
I MANAGED TO REACH A STEEL BLADE I HAD HIDDEN IN THE HEEL OF MY BOOT! CLOSE CALL THOUGH! SAY, WONDER WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK OF JIMMY NOW?
THE NEXT DAY— THE ANSWER TO THE BATMAN'S QUESTION!
HELLO, JIMMY!
IT CERTAINLY IS---- IT CERTAINLY IS A FINE DAY!
FINE DAY!
BOB KANE

LOOK KIDS! See How Easy to Get These FREE GIFTS!

SPECIAL—BRAND NEW!

 # 133 Model Assembly Book. 36 pages of heavy cardboard simulates colorful, fine scale working models of airplanes, ships, trains, doll houses, furniture, etc. Easy to assemble. No tools required. **325 Bags.**

 # 146 Flashlight. Streamlined Flashlight Focusing chrome lens case. **150 Bags.**

134 Wrist Watch. Fine Wrist Watch beau- ty and good modern design with beautiful steel band. Hourly day protector by meter. **700 Bags.**

 # 131 Field Glasses Long Range. Powerful, coated, cable, positive focusing high power lenses. Beautifully designed and finished in black, complete with carrying strap. Ideal for sports. **400 Bags**

 # 138 Dart Game. Newest classic big square Dart Board of colored fabric, complete with Darts. Plays 3 different games. **300 Bags.**

 # 290 Skip Ball Shoe Game. Lots of fun for all the family. 20" long. **100 Bags.**

 # 136 Complete Tracing Kit. Includes 10 pictures and book of instructions. **300 Bags**

 # 596 Iron desk figure of Mercury. Has a modernistic rotary dial telephone. Pencil stand. Plastic base. **300 Bags**

SWELL GIFTS FOR 300 BAGS OR LESS

 # 114 Telegraph Sending Key with complete Morse code alphabet. The first step in becoming a telegraph operator. Molded hard rubber construction. **30 Bags.**

 # 135 Toilet Kit. The handy three-fold Kompact equipped with mirror, nail file, comb, brush, soap box, toothbrush container and toothpaste. Fine quality on heavy fabric cover. **200 Bags**

 # 148 Baseball High School League. This Western League baseball is official size and weight. Horse hide cover, machine stitched. Red-white cover. **150 Bags**

 # 153 American Made Harmonica. A real 20 reed musical instrument. Key of C — 4". **175 Bags.**

 # 321 Bouncing Beach Ball. Sturdy rubber . . . 10" diameter. Varied colors. **150 Bags.**

103 Three Bottles Delightful Perfumes. Guest—Bouquet—Carnation. Modern novelty bottles and cases, neatly boxed. **80 Bags.**

 # 137 Special Baby Brownie Camera. Latest modernistic design with spy glass finder—1⅛ x 2½ pictures. **373 Bags.**

 # 103 Musical Tenette. A real harmonica flute. Solid plastic construction—7½" long. **250 Bags.**

 # 117 Sewing Set with Scissors. An assorted colors sewing set. Handy solid wood-en case. **225 Bags.**

 # 107 Table Tennis or Ping Pong Set. Complete with celluloid paddles, 3 English balls, metal brackets and full length net. Can be used on any table or flat surface. **150 Bags.**

 # 117 Baseball Glove. Leather, genuine tough, durable. Stitched heel, full leather padded heel, leather lined fingers. Tunnel Loop. Special Value! **250 Bags**

 # 132 Picture Locket. 14K gold plated Locket and Chain. Makes a beautiful necklace. **100 Bags.**

 # 138 Chemistry Set. The thrill of discovery with this Chemistry Set with Instruction book tells how you can perform 167 experiments in chemistry. **275 Bags.**

 # 109 Roller Skates. Ball Bearing Hand Brake. Ball bearing shock absorbers, adjustable chassis. Genuine hi-shine grips, felt grommets. **400 Bags**

 # 103 Men's Pocket Watch. Modern design with beautiful finish and sweeping second dial. Guaranteed by maker for 90 days. **450 Bags.**

 # 131 Indian Blanket, Full size. This 66 x 80 Excellent for beauty and warmth is the Williamsburg Indian made by the Cortez Process for long wearing. **800 Bags.**

 # 395 Ship's Wheel Clock. Has a modernistic rotary dial telephone. Pencil stand. Plastic base. **300 Bags**

 # 118 Patriotic Apron. Beautiful patriotic design apron in red white and blue. Every girl will be proud to wear one. Also Mother. Fast Color. **100 Bags.**

COLLECT POSTAGE STAMPS!

Guaranteed Genuine

20 Different THRILLING AVIATION STAMPS

Nos. 373 . . . FREE for Only 40 Bags!

© T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Save BAGS

5¢

Every time you buy one of those *Delicious* FROZEN STICK CONFECTIONS

Popsicle · Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

When you have the required number of bags for the premium you desire, send them to POPSICLE SERVICE STATION 601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK

Special STAMP OFFER

ASK YOUR ICE CREAM DEALER FOR A COMPLETE PREMIUM CATALOG . . .

This catalog effective until April 1 1949

©1948 Joe Lowe Corp.

AT THE TOP OF THE FIELD!

SIX TERRIFIC WORLD-BEATERS ON SALE EVERY MONTH

BE SURE TO GET THIS ONE TOO!

containing

•Superman•Batman and Robin
•Crimson Avenger•Zatara
•Johnny Thunder•The King
•Red White and Blue
—AND OTHERS!

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

DON'T MISS IT!

BOYS! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! ENTER NOW—START SHOOTIN' TO

WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and *under responsible adult supervision*, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of The Gods. Then *cowboy life* on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. *SEE* Fred Harman actually *DRAW* his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT **RED RYDER** Saddle **CARBINE**

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York

Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST Now!

Portable HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH

5 Prizes Given

RECORDIO JR.

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the *WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century!* Carry anywhere. *Make* home records of *your* voice, instrument, play back *instantly*. Use *also* as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike," 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . **$39.95**

101 Prizes Given

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targeteer Shot, "Spinning Birdie" Targets, 25 Target Cards, **$2.00** Back-stop. VALUE each:

100 Prizes Given

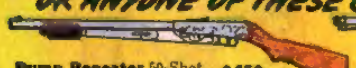
GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each **$1.00**

and The Fred Harman Award

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a *PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS* from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his *PERSONAL GIFT!*

OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS



Pump Repeater. 50-Shot, Forced-Feed Magazine . . **$4.50**

ORIGINAL LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE. 500-shot. **$2.50**

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 60-shot outdoor model, $3.50—Nickeled 500-shot repeater, $1.95—Single Shots at $1 and $1.50.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY $2.95

Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

CONTEST RULES

(1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.

(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must *be received* at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.

(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.

(4) Contestants may be of any age *up to and including* 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.

(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you Free at your Daisy Dealers. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3c stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.

(6) Contestants must submit only *one* Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.

(7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.

(8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.

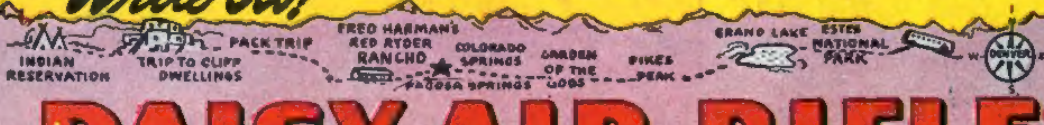
(9) PRIZES will be awarded on the *combined* basis of Target score plus aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 20 words or less.

(10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for *complete* rules.

ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now *and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A.* has the opportunity to *WIN* one of these *TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS*—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. *HomeRecorder Radio Phonograph* Wonder Machines each worth $39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN *you'll have* shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle—get one *NOW*—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! If Dealer is sold out or no Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it postpaid!

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—*now!* Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and *is also* your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 9366 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

FLATTERMANN